



messing about in **BOATS**

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Some Building Projects in This Issue

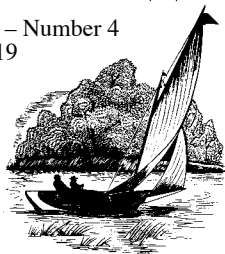
Constructing an Essex Clamming Skiff
From the Norumbega Canoe Shops - Trifoam 16 Build
Building the *Mary Elizabeth* - From the Beechwoods Shop
From the Tiki Hut - *Dancing Chicken* - Arch Davis Designs



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Yep, another small craft launching graces our cover this month, the small skiff the fruit of the labors of students at the local Topsfield Vocational Academy woodshop. This was the third year of the Academy's boat building program at the school, which fills a unique need on our Massachusetts North Shore, as follows:

"Topsfield Vocational Academy provides students with an opportunity to enhance their middle school or high school educational experience with hands on vocational training. The program offers smaller sized vocational and academic classrooms for students who need social, emotional and behavioral interventions. Students learn to make responsible choices and develop self control."

The skiff was built by participating students one day a week throughout the school year at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, funded with a grant from the Essex County Community Foundation as part of a hands on cultural/historical exhibit at the Museum featuring the construction of a traditional clamming skiff and clam basket.

"The skiff is a re creation of a traditional Essex Clam Skiff and is a collaboration between the Museum and the Topsfield Vocational Academy. Under the guidance and instruction of the Museum's staff boat builder, Jeff Lane, the students completed all aspects of the build from choosing and milling lumber, lofting the design and building the skiff. This is the third year of the collaboration during which students have built a Grand Banks Dory for the Schooner *Adventure* and helped maintain the Schooner *Lewis H. Story*."

That building a small boat of local historic significance was chosen by the source of the funding, the Essex County Community Foundation, adds an additional degree of importance to the students' effort, consider what the Foundation has to say about its purpose:

"The Essex County Community Foundation inspires philanthropy that strengthens the communities of Essex County by managing charitable assets, strengthening and sup-

porting non profits and engaging in strategic community leadership initiatives. Our ultimate goal is to improve the quality of life in the 34 towns and cities of Essex County."

Several persons from the Foundation were on the scene for the launching, with a TV interviewing team prowling the crowd for "locals" to interview about their reaction to all this. They stumbled upon me and ended up interviewing me, during which I was able to not only espouse the merits of our boats but also press my opinion on getting today's youth back to using their hands and brains without electronic props. Yeah, I know, it's a rant but... Dunno if it made the cut in the final video.

Then, later in the same week, 40 middle school students from nearby Gloucester arrived at the Museum to launch two 20' Sharptown Barges they had built (assembled, really) in just two days, so I had to go back to take this in. A busy scene, organized the past couple of years by long time Museum volunteer and board member David Brown, whose "day job" is teaching in that Gloucester school system. This was an exercise in cooperative work assembling two boats from precut parts on an existing building form and also making the necessary oars. No pretensions here of developing boat building skills, David said he just wanted to get his students out on the water in boats they had put together themselves.

So I kinda went over the top in this issue (see pages 28-35 for all the details and photos) about all this as it covered several aspects of messing about in boats all in one place in one week. It reawakened my interest in what this great little museum is up to also. There's a rowing program in those Sharptown Barges (six of them now!) getting underway as I write this the end of June. And, also, there's the 18' "model" of Massachusetts' tall ship, the *Ernestina Morrissey*, which is scheduled for a more prominent and active place in the Museum's collection. I might be making more trips to Essex this summer, it's only 12 miles, I can even do that on my recumbent trike.

On the Cover...

Students from the Topsfield Vocational Academy launch the 13' Clam Skiff that has been their school year woodshop project at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in mid June. Of special significance in this photo is that the launch site is that which saw the launching of 425 Gloucester fishing schooners (see photo at right) from the Arthur D. Story Shipyard from 1872 until it closed in 1932. The yard was on Main Street, where the Essex Shipbuilding Museum is today. Lots more on all this begins on page 28.





Harking Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

Images by Harvey Petersiel

Rowboat... or Pedalboat?





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

37th ACBS Festival

The 37th Antique & Classic Boat Festival will be August 24-25 at Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts. Forty or more rare vintage sail, power and hand powered boats will be on display to the public. It's too soon to know which boats we'll have but the first to register is *Malabar II*, a striking 52' John Alden schooner built in 1922!

The youngest person expected to enter a boat so far is 16-year-old Alex Goniatis of Hanover, Massachusetts. His new old boat is a Swampscott dory built by Pert Lowell of Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1970. Alex came to his first Festival with his grandfather, Dr Philip Carling, when he was four months old. Since then he has sailed to the show from Hingham aboard his granddad's 1946 catboat *Tabby* every year since he was four! A rowing enthusiast, Alex would like to row his craft to the Festival, not all in some quarters are enthusiastic about this.

Our website at boatfestival.org will give readers the flavor of the event. All are welcome. Many boat owners invite the public aboard. If you have a classic, she doesn't have to be in show condition, she can be a work in progress, aren't they all?!



Opinions...

Old Men and Puppy Dogs

This sort of thing happens to me all the time. I was backing *Lady Bug* in at the local Diamond Puddle launch ramp. It's a crowded place, limited parking on a side hill, the normal signage proscribing this and that. There's a dock but we are enjoined from fishing from it quoth the state fish and game department which so graciously provides that dock. It is the only public access to this massively privatized pond but we really aren't supposed to swim there. As a result of the physical layout, those two slabs of concrete spanning the launch dock can be congested with cars and

trucks crossing with foot traffic, often bare feet. Those paved ramps are the best and nearly only "beach."

I also, on more times than I would care to count, have had to stop backing down as a kid or even a toddler disappears from my right mirror and hasn't quite re emerged into the left one. This is a very finite happenstance in the normal range of affairs.

I was lined up and backing in. A car with some sort of family group swerved around me and parked in the last single car parking slot adjacent to the ramp. It wasn't the last parking spot otherwise available in the row, not by far. Doors flew open and kids piled out within arm's reach of *Lady Bug's* trailer fender. I had been monitoring this out of the corner of my eye. Of course, I immediately stopped, put my rig in park and set the emergency brake. Then I did what seems to make folks nervous. I got out.

I approached who I guessed was Mom. I gestured toward the toddler exploring the margins of the ramp and asked, "I see one. Are there others? I'm very worried that one of the kids might walk behind my trailer when I'm backing in. I always try to count noses and make sure everybody is OK."

Like too often, Mom was obviously affronted. I was obviously intruding into somebody else's span of control. In a world of gadgets and techno wizardry, boat trailers are a pretty dumb affair. It takes more art than science to get one to go places, especially in reverse. The physics and geometry of the thing are only mastered with observation, experimentation.

The first time I tried it the ink wasn't even dry on my learner's permit. The intervening near 60 years have brought some measure of skill, by no means perfection. Once having backed a trailer into such an alien element as a lake bottom, I know what a chancy affair that can be. So, like just about everything else moving and morphing around me, I study everybody else's techniques and probability for success. It's inherently interesting and inherently dangerous. The backing in, not the curiosity.

During the Season of Lent, the local churches put on a series of "soup kitchens" on succeeding Wednesday nights. Congregations invite each other to attend. A great opportunity for socializing and we can just show up if we like. We went to the Catholic church in town and were seated across from a lady who I discovered lived in a house fronting one of the coves on Diamond Puddle. I told her that I often anchor in that spot during the summer and go swimming off my boat. I could tell she considered such behavior to be rather eccentric for a "man of a certain age."

Talk turned to aquatic activities and my own lifelong association with this particular cove and the lake in general. I told her about how congested this place was back in the late '50s with boats and water skiers crisscrossing and generally swarming the place. I lamented, "I just about never see a 12-year-old boy running a ski boat, or actually skiing, for that matter."

She looked at me so, ever, disdainfully, "but that would be so very dangerous, boys

can't be trusted to do something like that."

Yes they can if somebody taught them how, if learning how was intrinsically interesting and worth pursuing, if we understood that the real threat isn't learning how to be safe while doing something inherently dangerous. Something old men and puppy dogs know.

Dan Rogers, Newton WA

Projects...

Elf is Ready for 2019

Thanks to some loyal CYRG volunteers, *Elf* is now rigged and ready for this year. It was a good decision to winter *Elf* at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels. Their fantastic staff checked on her daily, alerted me when there was an issue and generally took very good care of her over the winter. In May I was able to catch up on the paint, varnish and other finishes. We got a few coats of varnish on the rails in between the rain and as there were volunteers to help, we had the mast, topmast, bowsprit and booms painted and varnished, rigged and stepped by Memorial Day. *Elf* is now in her berth and ready to sail!

Last fall we made new mast hoops to replace several that got damaged while racing in Bayhead, New Jersey. When the throat gaff bridle failed, the gaff came down hard and scandalized the mainsail. To start the restoration I cut down an ash tree that I actually planted years earlier. I took it to CBMM where their brilliant shipwright and instructor, Jenn Kuhn, planked it out. I then planed and cut the planks into strips. The next day we did a very informative demonstration at CBMM during the Oyster Festival. We steamed the strips and then bent them into hoops, then fastened them with screws temporarily. After they relaxed I riveted them, then sanded and varnished them.

The Asian ash borer is about to attack and kill ash trees in Maryland and once the trees are attacked they are NOT to be transported. There are several thousand live board feet of ash on my family farm in Cecil County, Maryland. Before it was attacked I was able to mark several trees on the edge of our woodlot. It was an educational and exciting project for us to share with CBMM shipwrights and apprentices, who cut and bucked them up. My brother used his tractor to load the trunks on their trailer along with black locust, and yellow poplar. It is now planked out and being seasoned.

Our donation of considerable wood will be used in some noteworthy shipyard projects, not the least of which will be the building of the new *Maryland Dove* at CBMM. It is a pleasure to be working with the Maryland Service on a voluntary basis to locate timber for the construction of *Dove*. Some of our donated ash will make the *Dove's* turning blocks and the black locust will make turnnels (tree nails). The yellow poplar is already in use as board and batten siding on the construction building for the *Dove*.

Back to *Elf* and the tasks that lie ahead! The cleats and turning blocks need to be

sanded and refinished, both in the rigging and on deck. Once the deck furniture gets sanded and varnished, the attention will be on deck finishes. By mid July we will do a haulout to renew all the finishes from the deck down. Then we will sail the Sassafras River for about a month with members and friends.

Capt Rick Carrion, CYRG, Earleville, MD, cyrg.elf@gmail.com



This Magazine...

Conbert Benneck's Sailing Adventures

I savor practically every article in *MAIB* every month but I was compelled to express my appreciation for Conbert's articles. It's been fun to hear his stories about many places I know well (grew up in Glastonbury, sailed and rowed on Lake Pocotopaug and experienced similar powerboat wake in the Noank channel). But hearing how his sailing evolved over the years struck a chord, especially with his evolution to smaller craft.

The final story of his coming to swallow the anchor was certainly touching, even though I believe I have several decades of good sailing left in me. Many thanks to Conbert and to you, Bob, for all you do to keep that steady stream of boat literature flowing!

Steve Layden, Centreville MD

Mr Benneck's article is FANTASTIC

When the April issue arrived here on the Olympic Peninsula, as usual I flipped through it from back to front. I always start with Robert L Summers' cartoon "Shiver Me Timbers," read through the Classified Marketplace and the advertising, then launch into the articles.

I'm a power boater, not a sailor, so "Sailing Adventures, Part 1, Going Trailer Sailing" by Conbert H Benneck, seven solid pages of text with two very small illustrations appeared daunting and I passed over it. But after reading the rest of the articles I came back to it. How fortunate! Mr Benneck's article is FANTASTIC, a very deep plunge into his rationale and methodology for shifting to a trailer sailor. The seven pages flew past and I'm looking forward to what I hope will be an equally long second installment. If there are others out there who might have hesitated before reading it, I strongly urge them to take the plunge, it's more than worth it.

I don't know any other magazine in print that would have published an article as lengthy as Mr Benneck's and I know that I certainly wouldn't have seen it in a print magazine or online were it not for *Messing About in Boats*. We are all the richer for your support, Bob, thank you!

I know you hear this accolade from time to time but I want to reiterate it again,

Messing About in Boats is really a wonderful magazine and one that stands the test of time. Your sure touch as editor in selecting those articles sure to appeal to those of us more than happy to travel with you down your "dirt road" is as evident now as it was when you began. I reread my copies, which stretch back into the early '90s, on a continual basis and there are always copies floating around my office and on the reading nightstand for review and study.

Sponsoring copies for the local library in Port Hadlock and the high school in Chimacum, Washington, just around the corner is worth it, too, and helps to get the word out that messing about in boats is for everyone. Perhaps many of us could sponsor an extra subscription for the local library or high school?

Peter Leenhouts, Port Hadlock, WA

Serendipitous Pop Up

Recently I felt the need for a comfortable book and decided to reread *Wind in the Willows* (for the umpteenth time). I went to my iPad to research Kenneth Grahame and one of the serendipitous pop ups was your magazine. When I clicked on your site, again serendipitously, the book review in the June issue was on the Adirondack Guideboat. Pictured in that review is a guide named Moody, the family name of a dear friend born in the Adirondacks who encouraged us to buy a cabin near theirs on Green Pond.

We're so delighted to have found you in this way and look forward to becoming acquainted with your magazine. A great title for, as you know, "there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much doing as simply messing about in boats."

Audrey Vanderhoot, Princeton, NJ



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The British fleet was anchored near Gardiner's Island when a modest merchant from New London, one of the unheralded heroes who plied Long Island Sound in small boats in the secret service of our French Allies, helped the tide of war. This is the true story of storms, spies and the Revolution right here in our home waters.

A few years ago Raymond Hartjen, 88, was chatting with his friend Henry Moeller about his research into British warships stationed in Gardiner's Bay during the American Revolutionary War when Moeller mentioned he had, somewhere among his papers, an illustration pinpointing where, exactly, the royal fleet had been anchored.

To some this might sound like rather a dry tidbit, but for local maritime history enthusiasts like Ray and Henry, these unearthed details are lifeblood. Hartjen didn't know at the time, however, that this rumor of an old maritime sketch would open a window onto something of much broader interest and import, a small scale spy drama that had an outsize impact on the outcome of the American Revolution.

What Moeller, a retired professor of biology, found in his files several months later and sent on to Hartjen (who holds a doctorate in educational research) were copies of three crudely drawn maps inked in between paragraphs of several letters written in French and dated 1781.

The maps showed a jutting peninsula of land, shaped like an aardvark's snout, labeled "gardener" with a line of numbered dots, each representing a ship in the British fleet stretching northwest opposite "plomb island." They looked like treasure maps and confirmed what had already been noted in local histories. The ships were anchored between Cherry Harbor Point on Gardiner's Island on the East End of Long Island and Orient Point on the North Fork.

"We had a picture of the boats off the shore. Now we had a new mystery. What's

The Secret Story of a Seafaring Citizen Spy

By Glyn Vincent
Photography: Various Sources
Reprinted from *East*
The Easthampton Star Magazine

in the letters?" Hartjen told me on a recent visit. We were sitting in the living room of his home, a small weathered house on the shore of, yes, Gardiner's Bay. Like many men of his generation who grew up on *Captains Courageous* and *Two Years Before the Mast*, Hartjen, who is president of the East End Classic Boat Society as well as having been a licensed fishing captain since the 1940s, has had a lifelong interest in all things nautical.

From what he knew about the naval conflicts of 1781, some of it gleaned from Nathaniel Philbrick's current best seller about the American Revolution, *In the Hurricane's Eye*, Hartjen thought the material he and Moeller had stumbled upon might provide links between revolutionary activities on the East End and the eventual American victory at Yorktown.

The letters lay on the table in front of us, written in a florid cursive script not easy to decipher. They were addressed, in one word, to "Mongeneral." At least one letter was signed "Penevert, New London." Hartjen doesn't know French but he could see that the correspondence contained lists of dates, ships and naval movements.

"I suspected that it was the work of French spies because the French were in Newport keeping track of where the British were and what they were doing on Long Island," Hartjen told me.

He was right. At the time, all of Long Island, including the South Fork, was occupied by British troops. Late in the summer of 1780, warships appeared in Gardiner's

Bay, some limped in battered by storms and battles in the Caribbean filled with hundreds of sick sailors. More frigates and ships of the line arrived in the fall, including the flagships of Admirals Thomas Graves and Mariot Arbuthnot, the HMS London and the *Royal Oak*.

Hartjen showed me a watercolor of the *London*. It was 177' long with three gun decks and 90 cannon and it carried 550 to 750 crew. The admiral's apartment in the quarter-deck had gilded balconies. The oak hull was said to be so thick cannonballs sometimes bounced off. Pointing out the window at Gardiner's Island across the bay, Hartjen told me he used to imagine the royal fleet, including nine or more ships of the line, anchored only two miles away.

"I'd see those British men-of-war sitting out there in a dead calm. Not a breath of air out to fill their sails," he said, a boyish expression on his face.

The British admirals took advantage of their stay in Gardiner's Bay to recuperate and to reprovision their fleet. A hospital was set up in a caretaker's house on the island to tend the sick, many of whom died and were buried there. Dozens of officers were quartered in the Gardiner mansion. Drinking went on day and night. For entertainment, a checkerboard was carved into the dining room floor, it reportedly can still be seen today. The English, to maintain amiable relations with their American hosts, invited East Hampton dignitaries including the minister, Dr Samuel Buell, as well as several members of the Gardiner family, to be feted aboard Admiral Arbuthnot's flagship.

The fleet stayed on for months, stationed at the eastern end of Long Island, Philbrick writes in his book, to control the entrance to the Long Island Sound and keep the French naval force under the command of Admiral Charles-Henri Louis d'Arsac de Ternay bottled up in Newport, Rhode Island, 60 miles to the north.

Admiral Graves had orders to intercept any French warship that attempted to sail south. The English were afraid the French would attack Benedict Arnold, the American traitor, who was leading 1,200 British soldiers on a rampage along the Chesapeake Bay coast in Virginia without naval protection.

At the time, the war was at a stalemate. George Washington, commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, having suffered a number of defeats, had hoped the French Navy would turn the tide of war. But two years after the French entered the fray in 1778, the English still controlled the American coastline and New York. General Jean-Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau's 5,000 French troops, and the accompanying French naval force of seven ships of the line and six frigates were trapped in Newport.

Washington, eager to get the French fleet to aid his campaign in Virginia, had spies on Long Island keeping an eye on the condition of the English fleet in Gardiner's Bay. In late January 1781 he received an important dispatch. Three English ships sent out on the afternoon of January 21 to confront three French vessels, thought to be leaving Newport, were lost or badly damaged in a winter gale.

News that the British vessel *Culloden*, a 74-gun ship of the line, was wrecked on a pile of rocks near Montauk, that the *Bedford*, equally armed with cannon, had been dismantled and the *America* not yet found, was a potentially game changing piece of military information. The balance of power between the two competing naval forces momentarily tipped in the French favor. Washington urged the French to seize the opportunity, provoking a flurry of correspondence and intelligence reports.

Clearly, the letters and map fragments in Hartjen's possession were part of this important cache of historical documents. It's no coincidence that they began on February 3, not long after the fateful storm, and included information on the repairs of the *Bedford* and *Culloden*. But without knowing who was writing to whom, it was impossible for Hartjen to fit the letters into the overall picture.

To understand the vital role that local citizen spies played at this pivotal juncture in American history, Hartjen had a bit of archival sleuthing to do. "Moeller told me he'd found the letters in the Huntington Library in California. He kept telling me I had to find the 'Destouches book,'" Hartjen said.

Archivists at the East Hampton Library confirmed that a collection, the Destouches

Papers, existed at the Huntington Library. The Huntington's catalog entry, in turn, led Hartjen to a bound auction catalog published by the American Art Association in 1926. The Destouches collection, sold to the Huntington Library that year, is described in the catalog as "unpublished historical papers... the private property of the French Admiral Charles Rene Dominique Sochet, Chevalier Destouches... a prominent figure in the war of American Independence."

Ray found and bought the catalog. "It was more than I usually would spend on a book," he said, under his breath. But well worth it. The catalog listed the letters chronologically and contained translations and summaries of their content.

Charles Destouches, it turned out, had succeeded Admiral de Ternay as commander of the French fleet in Newport after Ternay died in December 1780. His correspondence includes letters from George Washington, one posted on February 22 of 1781 urged Destouches to hurry to Virginia to "block up Benedict Arnold in Chesapeake Bay and prevent succor reaching him." The catalog also summarizes many of the dozen or so letters from Penevert, who was supplying Destouches with vital information about the British fleet.

Penevert, it appears, was one John Penevert (or Pinevert), a French American merchant in New London, Connecticut, who invested in at least one American privateer during the war. He and his agents, Hartjen surmised, were crisscrossing the Long Island Sound in small oared boats called whalers to surreptitiously observe the enemy's movements on an almost daily basis.

On February 26, for example, Penevert reports in imperfect French, "For several days the English fleet has been reinforced by... four large frigates, one that has 40 cannon, one corvette; two brigs... and three or four commercial vessels." A map of the fleet follows dated "four in the afternoon of the 26th."

Penevert also kept Destouches informed of the traffic of provisions along the Connecticut coast and delivered news of militia skirmishes. It was dangerous work. Loyalists and patriots were next door neighbors. Suspicion was rife. Spies were hanged or sent to prison ships, where many died of disease or starvation.

"There are traitors here in abundance," Penevert wrote, concerned that his letters had been intercepted and sent to the British command at Gardiner's Island. "I'm very worried," he wrote to Destouches urging him to make sure their letter carriers were trustworthy.

Most important, Penevert confirmed that the English were constrained ("bien en barasé") by the loss of the *Culloden* and *Bedford* and preoccupied with repair work. In late February he wished the admiral "a happy expedition to Virginia," indicating that Destouches had made a decision to move forward with Washington's plan. But it wasn't until March 8, after much delay and fanfare, that the French finally set sail. Scarcely a day or two later, the British, having nearly completed their repairs, left Gardiner's Bay in pursuit. They caught up with the French at the mouth of the Chesapeake on March 16 but were outmaneuvered and battered by Destouches in a brief clash of cannons off Cape Henry.

Destouches did not follow up on his advantage and attack Benedict Arnold's forces (instead the new admiral returned to Newport, his colorful victory tucked like a foulard in his pocket) but the venture confirmed to General Washington that his strategy could succeed.

In September he repeated the gambit. The French fleets, under Admiral Comte de Grasse, took advantage of a moment of British disequilibrium to converge on Virginia and trounce the Royal Navy at the Battle of the Chesapeake.

A few weeks later, in October 1781, Lord Charles Cornwallis, unprotected by his fleet and cut off from resupply, capitulated to Washington and Rochambeau's troops at Yorktown. The American War of Independence was won. Little is known about what happened to Penevert. He sent reports to Destouches until later that spring when, in May, Destouches was replaced by the French admiral Comte de Barras. Possibly Penevert continued to provide intelligence to the new admiral, but if so the paper trail has been lost.

A search of the internet does yield what might be Penevert's gravestone. Hartjen was pleased to hear, if it was in fact the same Penevert, that this unheralded French American patriot survived the war and died peacefully in 1805 in New London where, according to the headstone, "he lived many years, respected for his integrity and esteem'd for his benevolence."

(Top Image: The marine artist Patrick O'Brien captured the warships in question in "Enemy Engaged: The Battle of the Chesapeake" (oil on canvas, 24"x36"), which depicts fighting sail in a pivotal defeat for Britain that unfolded as it did in part because of intel gathered in Gardiner's Bay).



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Another Essex River Race

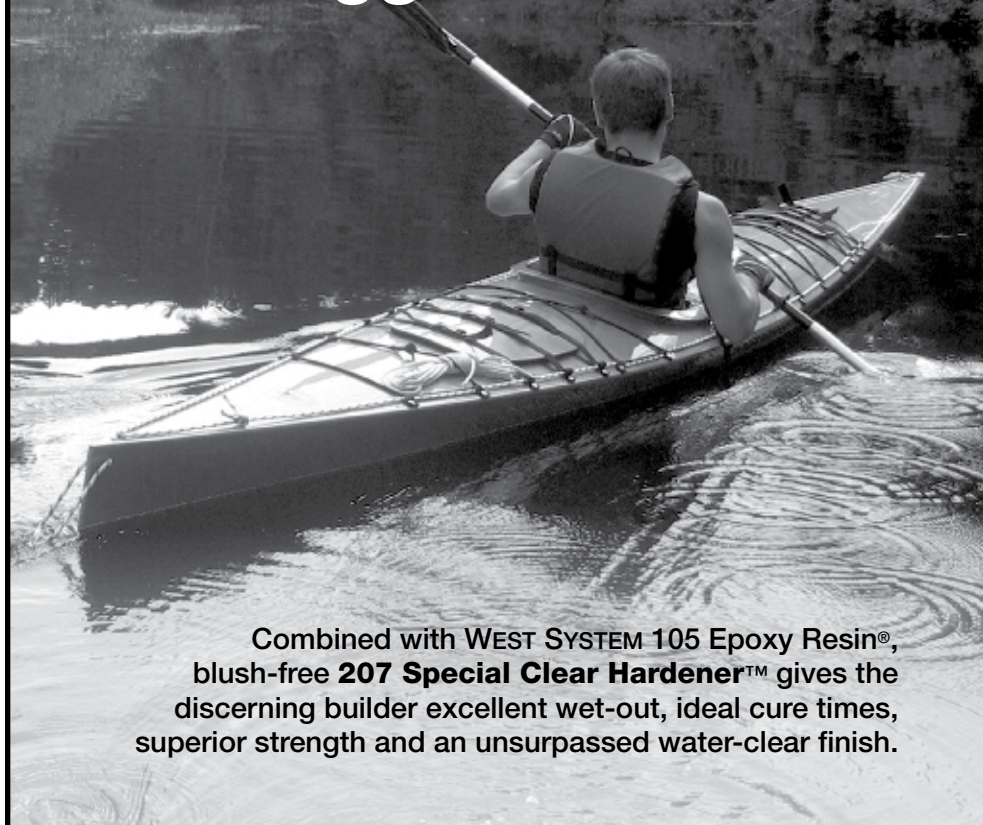
By Richard Honan

Another Essex River Race in the books. Beautiful weather, coupled with favorable tides and light winds, made for a great day. The race started near Woodman's Restaurant and followed the Essex River down past Conomo Point, rounded Dilly Island and then back upriver to the finish line. The entire race covered just short of six miles.

Both of our teams, made up of my brother Billy and nephew Matt, my good friend Dave Brewin and myself, finished in the money. The after race festivities were better than ever, with plenty of beer, hot dogs and pizza and good camaraderie with all of our rowing friends.



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CRAB Regatta Best in Memory

The Annual Don Backe Memorial CRAB Regatta on Saturday, June 15, was one of the best in memory with strong winds, sunny skies and the new Annapolis Yacht Club Sailing Center serving as the venue. Peter Gordon, Principal Race Office of the Race Committee, stated, "In the decades the AYC has hosted and organized the Don Backe Regatta, we have not seen a more competitive group of sailors and exciting racing in Annapolis."

This year's top finisher was Jay Streit, a disabled veteran from Severn, who started sailing three years ago with CRAB. The other top racers bringing home AYC silver were: Second place, Kevin Detwiler of Leonardtown, third place went to John Tarrant of Arlington, Virginia, with CRAB skippers finishing in fourth, fifth and sixth, Rob Klein of St Petersburg, Florida, Julia Dorsett, West Chester, Pennsylvania, and Tom Ostrye, of Severna Park, Maryland.

Prior to the AYC awards ceremony, Maryland Department of Disabilities Secretary Carol Beatty presented a proclamation to CRAB from Governor Larry Hogan declaring June 2019 as Adaptive Boating month in the state. The proclamation salutes CRAB for "seeking to create a premier Adaptive Boating Center in Annapolis to expand its operations and greatly increase the number of special guests it serves without limitations on operations or boating." Secretary Beatty said, "Both Dept of Veterans Affairs Secretary George Owings and I are major CRAB supporters and look forward to having the Adaptive Boating Center serving more veterans and citizens with disabilities in 2020."

The regatta was started in 1999 by members of the AYC and Don Backe, founder of Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating. From its humble beginnings serving as a qualifying race for the national disabilities sailing regatta, it has evolved into a strong joint venture with the AYC Race Committee and J-boat tacticians sailing with CRAB's skippers with disabilities. The teamwork that is required and exhibited makes for very competitive racing, particularly with winds in the 12-18 knot range on Beneteau First 22A's (A for adaptive).



Maryland Dept of Disabilities Secretary Carol Beatty presents the Governor's Proclamation to CRAB Board of Directors President Brad LaTour and CRAB Board of Directors Vice President David Hankey.



The winners (from left): AYC Race Committee PRO Peter Gordon, CRAB Crew Paul Van Cleve, CRAB Skipper Jay Streit, AYC Tactician Amanda Salvesen with AYC Race Committee and CRAB Board Member Sandy Grosvenor.



(Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating [CRAB] was founded in 1991 as a 501(c)3 non profit to bring the thrill, freedom and therapeutic value of learning to sail on Chesapeake Bay to people with disabilities, wounded warriors and children from at risk communities. For more information, please visit the CRAB website at www.crabsailing.org).



The concrete, rust streaked hulks loom somewhere off to port in the misty darkness, we know we're close. Finally we find them, their presence betrayed by the fact that they're intermittently blocking the scattered lights of the shoreline as we motor slowly into the headwind. We idle along jostled by the chop, stalling for decision time.

My brother Kit and I are in our 15' Boston Whaler near the southern tip of Virginia's eastern shore, just a few miles up the Chesapeake from where its waters meet the Atlantic Ocean. We're bobbing around in the dark at a place called Kiptopeke, known for its array of reinforced concrete ships sunken in place as a breakwater some 75 years ago.

We had optimistically planned to anchor in the lee of the old ships but tonight, with the wind from the south, there really is no usable lee. And now being back here in person, I clearly recall the last time I anchored here, a sleepless night of dealing with shifting wind and diabolical current, resetting the anchor and fending off from unwanted contact with the derelict ships. And conditions tonight are even less inviting than they were then.

There is unspoken agreement as to the desire to find another option for berthing *Wild Child* for the night. We idle around the ships and head towards shore where lights of Kiptopeke State Park illuminate a deserted boat ramp and adjacent pier.

A few minutes later the Whaler is secured to the pier and we're calling it a night. But not until consuming our delectable dinner which includes ham and cheese sandwiches, chips and oranges. We decide to take advantage of the stretch out room of the pier and lay out our sleeping pads and bags on it accordingly. It's pushing midnight and, man, it feels good to brush my teeth and slide into the bag. The night is pleasantly cool, as May in Virginia is wont to be.



It had been a busy day. I worked a half day, then slipped out of my office in the Blue Ridge Mountains, drove five hours to our home port in a creek off the Rappahannock River where Kit had already been prepping *Wild Child*. We got underway at 17:35 and headed happily out the river and down the bay. We discovered the wind right on our nose, no surprise, we're used to this as we settled into our heading down the Chesapeake. We got into a rhythm of pounding our way along south, ever impressed by the sea manners of the little Whaler.

The plan for this voyage consists of taking a few days to camp cruise down the Chesapeake and around to the barrier islands on the Atlantic coast, visiting in the process places we had not seen in decades, if at all. Our mis-

Cobb Island Return

By John W. Robinson

sion destination list is topped by Cobb Island, an almost mystical place among the Robinsons. Our dad took us there on a number of sojourns when we were kids (see *MAIB* May 2019) and the whole package experience of those trips is indelibly engraved on our souls.

"Hey, I'm getting wet." I notice it at about the same time as Kit's announcement, which comes sometime in the wee hours. Though our sleeping bags are layered with dew, the wetness in question is not that but from below. The tide is rising through the planks of the pier we're bedded on and in the process we're being anointed in curious fashion. We stagger to our feet and with our bedding bundled in our arms stumble aboard the *Wild Child*, taking up our preconceived sleeping stations for the rest of the night.

Rising damp and stiff and looking forward to the day, we poke around beneath the rosy glow of the coming sunrise. Kit soon has the coffee pot gurgling on the little stove and I'm stowing the constituent elements of our small boat cruising kit. Breakfast is enjoyed once we get underway, and, along with coffee, we've got bananas, oranges and mini doughnuts. The breeze is light out of the south as we pass under the northern end of the 17 mile long Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel, skirt Fisherman's Island and enter the Atlantic.

Turning north we follow the 20' depth contour line up the coast, about a mile off the beach. First Smith Island, with its dominant resident, the 1894 Cape Charles Lighthouse, then Myrtle, Ship Shoal and Wreck islands pass to port. Though the weather is fine here, a commotion offshore is pushing large swells rolling in across the continental shelf. If we stray too far into shallower water we find the waves rearing up abruptly and threatening to break. It's exciting and a little bit spooky.

We had planned to access Cobb Island from the ocean via Sand Shoal Inlet, then come ashore on the protected inland side, but such an idea doesn't seem too great today. In fact, the unmarked inlet looks downright scary with breakers crashing at random across its breadth. We agree that neither of us are in the mood to risk being rolled in the Whaler by an errant comber. "Um, yeah, I think there's usually a navigable channel through there but maybe not today," is my summation.

We end up retracing our ocean route back south to the tip of Smith Island and then entering Fisherman's Inlet and the somewhat labyrinthine inside passage beyond it to Cobb. The route takes us through narrow, twisty channels connecting Mockhorn Bay and Cobb Bay. Luckily *Wild Child* is a small, shallow draft vessel or we would have had trouble, the channel on this inside passage is only a couple of feet deep for extended sections. We see little other boat traffic.

It is most pleasant cruising, the helmsman standing at the center console leaning against the bolster, the crew lounging forward, binoculars and snacks at the ready. The Merc 60 four stroke is humming merrily along and the Garmin chart plotter is silently doing its thing. We have a paper chart book to peruse as well and shipboard life is good.

Out on the horizon, about seven miles from the mainland across countless acres of marsh land and sloughs, narrow channels and

Cobb Bay itself, lies the island of the same name. From a few miles away, before we can even see any land at all, we spot a lone structure. Our suspicions are correct, it's the remnant, the nearly collapsed last remaining portion, of the 1870s Coast Guard station. It was almost completely intact when we were last here 20 plus years ago.

As we pull in closer to the shore and prepare to land we're taking stock of the other changes that have occurred in the time since we've been here. There has been considerable resculpting, the island has been cut in half, for one thing, just north of our landing point. And the 1950s era Coast Guard station, just a shell's skip from the 1870s one, is gone completely. The Nature Conservancy actually had it moved by barge and otherwise monumental effort to the town of Oyster, some eight miles away on the mainland. It was used as TNC offices for some years and as of this writing it is offered for sale. Pretty cool digs I would say.

The feeling of wild remoteness we experience on the island on this day is profound. We hike the shoreline, feel and smell the salty breeze, listen to the birds, look for interesting shells and reminisce about our childhood visits. Cobb, like most of the other Virginia barrier islands, is part of the Nature Conservancy's Virginia Coast Reserve and access is strictly limited. In fact, due to seabird nesting habitat, walking is only allowed below the high water mark. And no, camping is not allowed. We briefly consider breaking that last rule but decide against it and after our amble along the shoreline and a leisurely picnic lunch of random items from the ship's pantry, we set out in *Wild Child* once again, retracing our route.

At this stage of the game we're low on gas, low enough to prompt some serious fuel consumption calculations and discussion. We had set out on this voyage with a full 12gal main tank and three additional 5gal jugs. Five or so gallons of that remain. From Cobb Island we have at least 25 miles to go to Cape Charles, the closest known fuel source. Kit and I agree on a fuel conservation strategy which includes slow speed cruising (5 knots per hour for the next 10 miles or so) to the WWII submarine lookout towers we had passed earlier. This slow speed travel through the inside passage is actually quite delightful. The helm is comfortable, the bimini top shades us nicely, we have ample refreshments on board and the weather remains extremely pleasant.

Going ashore at the sub towers after a couple hours of pleasant putt putting proves fascinating. I mean, thinking of those guys manning the lookouts during the war, searching for enemy submarines in our own home waters, is pretty surreal. We had hoped that we might still be able to climb one of them like we did 30 years ago but rust has eaten away at the structures to an alarming level. No surprise really, considering they've stood as sentinels in the salt air for almost 80 years. It's remarkable that they're still standing.

At this stopover I measure the level of the remaining fuel in the tank, using a measuring device which consists of an old NRBQ drumstick calibrated and marked accordingly and dipped carefully into the main tank. Yay! we have enough go juice to get to Cape Charles no problem, even at our normal cruising speed of about 15 knots at 3,700rpm. We're amazed at the paltry amount of gas we consumed in the last two hours at slow speed.



We consider camping here at the sub towers for the night but decide to cruise on. Even though we've done a lot already today, thanks to the predawn start, we still have plenty of daylight left. Besides that, the weather is still fine with the agreeable sea state to go along with it. Kit and I agree to go ahead and get our insufficient fuel status resolved, so we spend the next few hours of this gorgeous May afternoon enroute to the town of Cape Charles. Along the way we're pleased to locate the narrow inside channel adjacent to Fisherman's Island, poorly marked but a well protected shortcut that we missed on the way in.

"Well, we'll just have to hoof it!" I pronounce, hoisting an empty gas jug and setting out across a field and over railroad tracks towards the center of town. We had arrived at the marina fuel dock in Cape Charles Harbor to find it totally deserted, but I know there's got to be gas around here somewhere. Kit joins me with another jug and upon our arriving at Main Street the townspeople direct us to the Sunoco station "out on Highway 13."

Back at the *Wild Child* we're filling the main tank with enough gas to get us home. "Duke," a friendly local with a nice pickup truck had had his curiosity aroused by our jug toting appearance and had ended up kindly taking us to the gas station and back to the boat. "You're traveling the bay in a 15' boat?!" Well yes, and we've been known to voyage in even smaller vessels. We don't tell him that part and we politely thank him for both the ride and the bed and breakfast recommendation. We have other plans, however.

The weather and sea conditions are still favorable, we have an hour or so of daylight left and we are due home tomorrow. We decide, therefore, to get while the gettin's good, as they say, so we set a course directly across the Chesapeake to the 1802 New Point Comfort lighthouse. It's a downhill run and the *Wild Child* is romping along. The stiff breeze is driving some sizable swells and it's a fun ride, I'm yipping with joy. The evening light is reflecting golden on the wave tops and, man, is it pretty.

Night is falling as we make fast our lines to the small pier at the tiny lighthouse island. Providentially the pier is exactly in the lee tonight. The wind and waves sweep around the island but our berth is just out of their reach, protected in a fine sort of way. We wander around the bird guano coated place before settling in on *Wild Child* for the night.



The sunset is lost in the overcast western sky but we're kind of distracted anyway by dinner prep. I've got a Chili Mac MRE that my Air Force son gave me and Kit produces some choice victuals from the communal galley box. It's a fine repast and we share laughs and contented musings as we enjoy this time on the boat.



Settling into my "hole" in the stern, my sleeping pad and bag stretched out amidst the bucket and gas cans, feels pretty good. To lie down and feel the pleasant rock of the boat puts a smile on my face. Kit is in "burial at sea mode" in the bow, stretched across the bow cushions and overhanging a bit on port and starboard. He's comfy, too.



There's a smudge of a glow in the eastern sky as we both stir early into a new day. Actually, both of us have been up and about regularly throughout the night to retie lines with the tidal change and otherwise manage ourselves and the ship. Kit's got the coffee going on the little stove on the pier and I'm just thankful the long restless night is essentially over. Before long we're underway again, *Wild Child* leaping forward in the following seas into the promise of the lovely dawn.

In a few hours we'll be back to our home port but along the way we'll stop to inspect Wolf Trap light, a caisson light built in the 1870s and freestanding in the bay out of sight of land. It's named with reference to the red-coat naval ship *Wolfe*, which grounded on the shoals there in the days leading up to the American revolution. Then off to port we'll pass Gwynn's Island and the mouth of the Piankitank River before rounding Stingray Point and entering the Rappahannock River.

Yep, we'll be back to our home port before long. And doubtless soon after cleaning the boat and ourselves and re entering our normal routine in the days and weeks ahead, we'll be planning another voyage on the waters of the Chesapeake aboard one boat or another because the call of that wanderlust siren is hard to ignore.



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Norumbega on the Ipswich

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

After a night of heavy rains it appeared to be clearing enough for us to take on the Ipswich on April 27. Gary and Dianne Amirault arrived with the old Morris, John Fiske brought the yellow 15' Prospector that was made by the Temagami Canoe company in 2009. I brought my red Sweet Sixteen from Stevens Canoe Works.



Canoes at the put-in for the first paddle of 2019.

The water level was about as high as it ever gets in the springtime which made for some interesting navigating. Once we got into the Great Wenham Swamp area the river turned into a large lake with trees all around. Soon it became almost impossible to stay in the actual channel of the river and we had to be very careful not to get to far off course and get lost in the woods.

Launching at 9am after placing a shuttle automobile at the Ipswich Road landing, we were soon greeted by gusty winds which prevailed for the rest of the morning. Much of the time the wind was no trouble at all but suddenly a big gust would come blasting in causing all forward progress to cease. After a minute or so of being blown off course the winds would taper off, paddling would be just fine for a little while until the next gust. It could have been a lot worse, the high winds could have been a steady gale that would have taken all of the fun out of the day's activity.

The red winged blackbirds have returned, they were busily creating their new nests for the 2019 season. We also saw a lot of nesting Canada geese, one common egret and two beavers along with many other bird species that we could not identify.

John's Prospector had been resting inside all winter but when it was launched today it decided to start leaking. By the time we arrived at the Audubon canoe landing there was a significant amount of bilge water in the Prospector. A quick application of duct tape solved the problem for the remainder of the trip. John will be busy making a more permanent repair after he gets the canoe home to Beverly. Noontime found us at the Ipswich Road take-out where we loaded up and headed home.



Gary, Dianne and John at the Ipswich Road take out.



Norumbega Chapter WCHA

Southern New England Chapter
Wooden Canoe Heritage
Association, Ltd.

Summer Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

Exploring the Pine Barrens of New Jersey

Report and Photos by David Shwide

With ice still locking up the northern lakes up in the New York Adirondacks in late spring it was time to take the Chestnut out on its first campout and travel south towards Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and spend two days and one night paddling the meandering Mullica River with friends.



Fully loaded, the Chum is ready for the trip on the Mullica River.

The 175 mile drive was interesting with the little Chum catching lots of wind as I drove over a few bridges near the New York City area. My friend had a tougher time with the 17' foot Dagger on the top of his car. Later the next day we spoke to another paddler whose roof rack was blown off his vehicle near the put-in because of the high winds. Not too sure about the condition of the boats but he said that the three boats were still strapped onto the rack when they went back to get them.

The Mullica River is a narrow meandering river in the Wharton State Forest which is located in the Pine Barrens. The water is a tea color from the tannin in the pine trees and iron in the soil from what I was told. There is a lot of leaning pine trees and bushes that used to get cleared by the local scouts but I was told that doesn't happen anymore. It's about an 11-mile paddle from put-in to take-out but if we wanted to camp out there are designated campsites around the midpoint.

The Chum was loaded as usual, local firewood was purchased, the wannigan was filled up and strapped closed with the design looking right at me (thanks, Robin). A few stoves were onboard, a cooler placed inside a Canadian canvas pack with the precious matza ball soup and my Piragis pack with a camping hammock that I just picked up recently after a snowy camping trip (different story). Off I went, the current was quick enough that when I went to take pictures I had about two seconds to snap a pic, grab the paddle and duck or avoid blowdowns.



High water and low branches make for interesting paddling on the Mullica.

I had turned the Chum around so that I was paddling from the bow seat with all of the gear in front and the cooler behind me. Felt a bit cramped because of the thwart close to my legs, I am used to stretching out my legs and wondered if I should have just paddled from the stern with all of the gear in front. Then I thought about why I didn't set the Chum up as a solo last year when having it restored. It is tipsy when my wife and I paddle together in it. Just a few thoughts as I made my way through the brush.

Good news was that I did not tip over! I did come close when my lousy paddling skills let me get caught sideways a few times in some big strainers. Tried some ideas that worked and some that didn't. I did use a seat back and had to unclip it a few times to lean way back under a few hanging trees. One time as I bent forward clearing the tree I was about to smile when suddenly I was yanked back!

What the heck? Yep, like a giant hand grabbing me, a branch had caught the back of my PFD and wouldn't let go. Oh crap, what the heck do I do now? Since this has happened before on other trips, I somehow prayed that my Chum would slowly back pedal and help me get unhooked. It somehow knew that I needed help and got me off that branch. Of course, it happened again but got caught on the backpack. Freakin' hanging branches, had to duck so many times, also got poked in the neck and realized how dangerous that could have been. The other guys were experiencing the same, one even stolen a hat from one of our Connecticut family members.

Once in a while I didn't make it through carefully and bounced off a branch here and there, each time I wondered if I was gashing up the canvas or cracking a plank or rib. I was talking to the Chum telling it how sorry I was and that the next trip would be on open water with no blowdowns.

After the overnight, great time eating and campfire as usual it was about a three hour paddle to the take-out with again a few narrow spots but some more open areas. There were scout trips and club trips on the water so one had to be careful not to get clogged up waiting at the strainers.



A Coleman gasoline stove with potato knishes in a cold handle fry pan. Good food on this trip!

So, the first overnight with the restored Chum was a fantastic trip to the New Jersey Pine Barrens! Fun was had by all, especially me.

Wilderness Trip Scrubbed!

By Steve Lapey

Norumbega's 2019 Wilderness Trip was scheduled for May 15-19. We planned to paddle an 80 mile section of the upper Connecticut River, from Canaan, New Hampshire, to Dalton, New Hampshire, spending four nights along the river. In the week leading up to our planned departure the weather forecasts ranged from bad to terrible. Rain and snow were forecast for most of the time we were to be paddling. The river was running at near flood stage and the USGS gauge at North Stratford, Nw Hampshire, reported a very high flow.

A telephone call to a local outfitter confirmed the conditions and they didn't think it was a wise idea to be travelling on the river until things improved. Taking all of that into consideration, the decision was made to cancel the trip for this year. Perhaps we can plan another adventure on the Connecticut, probably later in the season.

Mass Audubon's Nature Festival

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

June 2 was the date for the 22nd Annual Audubon Nature Festival at the Audubon Center in Topsfield, Massachusetts. This is the first year that we have attended this event, thanks to Gary Amirault who contacted the Audubon folks and made all the arrangements.

We were given a good area to display our canoes along the pathway to the parking lot, everyone had to pass by us twice so we had a lot of traffic. The day started out a little slow as it was cool and damp, but by noon-time it warmed up and the crowds arrived.



There was quite a bit of interest shown in the wooden canoes and we passed out a lot of WCHA pamphlets. Gary and Diane Amirault brought the old Morris complete with flag and banner, I brought two red canoes and Doug Deyoe arrived with his Peterborough racing canoe project that always attracts a crowd. Stuart Fall rode to the event on his bicycle to help out in the afternoon. We felt that this was a productive day and we have been invited back for next year's festival.

The Salem Maritime Festival

By Steve Lapey

Once again we will be displaying our canoes at the Salem Maritime Festival at the Salem Maritime Historical Site on August 3-4. Our involvement involves displaying a few old canoes and talking to the visitors about canoes and convincing them that it would be a good idea to join the WCHA. As an incentive we offer a cut rate first year membership to new members who join at a show like this. For more information and details on the parking arrangements contact me at (978) 374-1104 or stevenscnoe@gmail.com.

Tully Lake Time!

By Steve Lapey

On August 17 we will have another opportunity to paddle at one of the prettiest areas of Massachusetts, the East Branch of the Tully River from the canoe launch to Long Pond and beyond up the river until we get tired of beaver dams and then return to Long Pond for a picnic lunch. It is about an hour west of I-495 on Route 2 to Athol. For additional details, contact me at (978) 374-1104 or stevenscnoe@gmail.com

Back to the Nashua River

By Steve Lapey

On September 21 we will do the stretch of the Nashua from the Bill Ashe Visitor's Center in Ayer upstream to Still River Depot and return. This is about a six mile trip all on flat water held back behind the Ayer dam. We plan on a 9am launch after a car shuttle and we will have a picnic lunch at the Still River landing. To get to the Bill Ashe Visitor's Center, from Ayer center take West Main Street, Route 111 to Grant Road. Turn left on Grant for about a mile and go right on Spruce Street. Just before the Nashua River bridge there is a parking lot. For more information, contact me at (978) 374-1104 or stevenscnoe@gmail.com.

News from The Norumbega

Canoe Shops

Compiled by Steve Lapey

Greg O'Brien Reports from Melrose, Massachusetts

I have made a replacement bow seat for my 1985 Old Town Trapper. This 15-footer was made in the AA grade with all mahogany trim. The bow seat cracked a few years ago and I made a repair, but last fall it broke badly enough that there was no hope of repairing it. The only answer was replacement.

The new frame was milled out just a little heavier than the original and the joints were made with mortise and tenon joints rather than Old Town's doweled joints. To make the mortises I drilled a series of holes and chiseled them square. The tenons were made by making multiple cuts on the table saw.



Once the frame was glued up with West System G-Flex (which I like because it is a 50/50 mix and appears to be more flexible than the standard West epoxy), the edges of the frame were rounded over with a 1/2" radius roundover bit on the router table.

The next step was to rout a groove around the opening in the seat for the pressed cane. It is said that you can cut the groove on a router table using a nail driven into the table for a guide, sounds a bit risky, there has got to be a better way.

Fortunately, I have access to a 4'x8' CNC router table at work. I was able to draw out the pattern for the groove, set the depth of cut, push the button and watch the groove appear.



After some sanding, staining and varnishing it was time to glue in the cane. Woodcraft Supply came up with the cane and the spline. I soaked the cane for two hours and then using a short piece of a cedar shingle forced it into the groove along with a generous application of translucent glue. Once the glue was dry the cane got a coat of linseed oil on the underside and a coat of spar varnish on the top.



The seat actually fit in the canoe and is ready for the upcoming season.

Ed Moses Reports from Danville, New Hampshire

The 15' BN Morris is in canvas and close to receiving the color coats, currently I am wet sanding the high build primer. The interior work is finished and all the woodwork including the removable floor rack has been satin varnished.

My Chestnut Chum has been totally refurbished with its annual amber shellac coat on the bottom and two coats of interior varnish applied, the color coat was just patched up.



I have revarnished all the black walnut furniture/woodwork on my fly fishing canoe, an Allagash lightweight Kevlar reinforced fiberglass. Many years ago, this was a gift (some gift) from a sawmilling client who rescued/salvaged it at the dump. He never repaired it and was going to take it back to the dump. It was busted up pretty bad. I brought it home and set it in my side yard for at least another several years before I took it into the shop three winters ago and repaired all of the fiberglass. All of the wood was replaced, inwales and outwales of white oak, decks, thwart and carry thwarts all black walnut, new canted seats. This year I installed a removable seat backrest and a center mounted cane seat for rowing. Oars were made and oarlocks were installed. This makes for a good rough duty user and is stable for fly fishing.



Jerry Wedge's Old Town OTCA Project
Report and Photos by John Fitzgerald
and Steve Lapey

Fitz and I have been working on an Old Town 18' OTCA for new WCHA member Jerry Wedge and his family in Concord, Massachusetts. The canoe was originally shipped to Meredith, New Hampshire (Bear Island), in 1963. Jerry recently moved to a home on the Sudbury River and has always wanted a wooden canoe. So he found this one, that needed some restoration, locally. The canoe was in good shape and mostly required a canvas job and refinishing, but a previous restorer had plugged the screw holes holding the original mahogany gunwales on with bungs. This caused the future restorers to curse the historic restorer and the old gun-

wales needed to be cut off and replaced. It will also get a new keel and seat cane with the cane installed right side up this time!

Jerry and his family have decided on a two tone paint job with a white bottom and a Kirby's "Bottle Green" top. A pinstripe of sorts will divide the two colors. Fitz and Jerry had great fun arriving at the waterline (initially marked while Jerry was sitting in the canoe on the Sudbury River) and then trying to keep things looking fair to the eye with lots of masking tape.



At a canvas and filling session this past fall, we made quick work of the new skin on the OTCA.



The new keel and outwales will go on next before the final coats of paint.

Stevens Canoe Works

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

Here at the canoe shop the Crushed Canadian Canoe is almost ready to be sent home. It arrived in January after being flattened by a huge tree while safely stored inside a garage in Lincoln, Massachusetts. The tree went right through the roof and crushed the canoe against a parked automobile, basically a total loss.

After a lot of research we have been unable to determine the maker of this canoe. We are calling it Canadian because of its con-

struction style and the fact that it has spent its life on Lake Memphremagog in Quebec.

After getting 30 new ribs, about 50' of new planking, one new inwale, two new outwales and two new seats, it is almost ready to go back home, all set for another 70 or so years of service to its family. The only remaining work left is one more coat of Captain's Varnish on the rails and a final coat of satin hunter green enamel on the exterior.

Here is the before photo showing the splintered inwale and about 20 of the broken ribs. There were more broken ribs at each end of the canoe, some that predated the tree event.



...and the after view. Somehow, we managed to put it back together without losing the original shape of the canoe.



20' Wood Strip Canoe

Big 20' wood strip canoe in need of a new home. This unusual canoe is not for everyone, but it would be perfect for a large group or for a children's camp. At 20' long and almost 5' wide it makes for a very stable vessel. It is equipped with side brackets for two o/b motors. Comes with trailer. Very well made and in excellent condition. Asking \$2,000.

MARK GERRY, Newbury, MA,
mgerry@govsadayemy.org

Canoe Restoration Supplies

Hardware, brass and silicon bronze screws all sizes, canoe tacks, thwart and seat silicon bronze bolts, 20' Sitka spruce, white oak and cherry rail stock. Cathedral grain deck stock, ash, cherry, black walnut, sassafras. Sassafras canoe paddle blanks. Sitka Spruce: 18' and 20' 1"x1" rail stock, straight \$35 each, \$70/pair. Northern Spruce: 16' 1"x1" rail stock, straight \$20 each, \$40/pair. 20' 1"x1" rail stock, straight \$25 each, \$50/pair. Cherry: 16' 1"x1" rail stock, straight \$30 each, \$60/pair. Canoe tacks, 10/16", \$30/lb. For prices and details on other items, Contact Ed Moses at esmjmoses@comcast.net .

The Schooner, Sailboard, & Scull, a Trinity for Joy and Contentment

by Ike Jeanes

"I don't want you to say yes. I don't want you to say no. I have something to say then I am going to leave for the day. Please give me your answer when I return and not before."

After saying her piece she left. When she returned my Father's answer was "yes." This was high drama. I have known my mother for more than 45 years and never have I heard her stake out her ground so forcefully.

In my father's defense he was 81. He had not done much serious sailing since the Bermuda race almost sixty years ago and was now preoccupied in the vestry hunting up a new minister to replace one who had been transferred. He had a few pertinent medical concerns, but on the whole his level of activity exceeded that of many 15 years younger.

It would be a long 600 mile drive from Virginia to Maine. Admittedly October would be cool. But they were ready and psyched for it. They were a bunch of kids. Never since their honeymoon has any single event caused such a stir. A friend gave Mom a journal for the trip and after an obligatory stop at LL Bean they had more paraphernalia than could reasonably fit into any cabin. But they were warm and ready for a week at sea.

What occasioned this furor? In the early 1980's I restored a 26 ft. 1936 sloop built for the Coast Guard Academy by the Boston Navy Yard, but for financial reasons and because of the seven hour trip to the Chesapeake Bay where I kept it I had to sell it. I missed not sailing on a "large" boat and years ago resolved to sail on a 1871 Maine Schooner, the Lewis R. French. The credit card and a series of partial payments throughout the year made it possible. These old schooners were not going to be around for ever and I did not want to put this one off and miss it.

In every measure the cruise surpassed my expectation. Evidently the enthusiasm was infectious. My brothers, sisters, and I decided to team together and give my parents the trip as a combined Anniversary, Christmas, and "Any-Way-You-Deserve-It" present. It was right down their alley. My mother has a wood working shop and loves nice wood work. She and my father when they were younger built a Norwegian cabin which still is in use today that was assembled without nails tongue and groove fashion with corner slots. In short they like "real" things: fishing, walking, and the like. My parents were a "mark" to enjoy it. So in October they were ready to duplicate the sail I had made the month earlier.

What made sailing a Schooner so extraordinarily different from any other boat? My side of it: For starters the day we left was nice but Hurricane Emily was making her way up the coast. Her path

might cross ours about mid week. If were to be so, it was going to be a steep learning curve for me. There was the captain, the first mate, the cook, the mess mate, and passengers. If things piped up it could be helpful if I knew the boat well enough to be of use in a pinch. So with an open eye and a few questions I tried to learn how the captain liked the lines coiled and what did what. Surprisingly that turned out to be an intimidating challenge. "Learning the ropes" takes on a sense of significance when you are flying 3,000 square feet of canvas and 6 sails.

I never "learned the boat." On any other boat it was only a matter of days or hours before actions were instinctive. After all with a standard sloop rig the basics are a snap, not so on a schooner. With the gaff sails working both the peak and the trough often limited me to one sail and coiling and hanging the lines. And then once that was done I might help to get the staysail, the jib, or the jib-topsail, but I never worked all the sails. Since the work

was shared with other passenger and crew and the techniques for each sail were to some degree specialized, what emerged for me after the week was a reasonably good idea of what was what and a few operations which had become instinctive, but I was by no means expert.

The day before when I first went aboard I was struck by what I now view as the purely insignificant. My single cabin had plenty of storage and standing space and a very sufficient and comfortable bunk even for one like myself who is a little over 6' 3." Compared to shore side accommodations though it was a tight fit. The combined head and shower was above deck. It was a relief to find it very clean with plenty of fresh air and the head was every bit as comfortable as anything shore side. But the shower head, well it just appeared to darn small to do the job. To my satisfaction I found that not only did the shower work nicely but the water was heated by the boat's wood stove which ran all day. As for the cabin it didn't change size, but by the second day I thought it exceptionally nice. The bunk mattress was blue. The interior work was exposed nicely varnished wood. There was a small vase of wildflowers that hung near my own private bowl sink. On the

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



few occasions I was there and awake I was very pleased with my very own cabin and thought how much nicer cabin it was than all other cabins (a Winnie-the-Pooh mentality set in when ever I entered the place).

As for the hurricane Dan Pease, the captain, would periodically plot its course on a chart of the eastern seaboard and by the time it had gotten to a New York latitude he had it pretty well figured out. That is not to say that the hurricane was out of the picture. It was more than a mere butterfly and influenced the weather throughout the voyage. Our first night was at Swan's Island in Penobscot Bay. After an excellent fish dinner eaten on deck we took the yawl boat ashore to take a walk in the dark and converse with the deer. To my surprise Sharon, the cook, had a nice chat with one at distance of about 12 feet.

The next day the weather even at the early hours was showing signs of expressing the great strength that nature can so readily and majestically do, especially when prompted by a hurricane. We put reefs in the sails and out we went. I had premonitions that this was to be a difficult and busy day. In similar weather on my 26 footer I would have spent the day well healed over with the waves washing over the deck and praying that she would hold together and that we both would make it to shore in one piece. To my considerable surprise this is weather where a schooner shines. All other boats I could see were laid over and bouncing about. The majority of them appeared to be 30 to 40 feet long. They did not appear to be having much fun. Whether its the 19 foot beam, the rigging or the tonnage the situation on the Schooner was far different. To my amazement I don't think she was healed over more than 11 degrees and she was moving nicely through a three and a half foot chop. In fact it was down right pleasurable. We ate lunch on deck while the boat was underway.

Coming up Blue Hill Bay we alternated between a broad reach and a following wind. Since all was going smoothly the captain offered me the helm. The Schooner handled considerably differently than my 26 footer with a tiller. It was slow to respond to the extent that it appeared oblivious to anything I might do at the helm. Turn right nothing happens. Turn left nothing happens. Folks as you know the helm is not a nautical trinket put on boats for appearance. It does something. My job was to find out what it did and how it did it. I learned that what it does is done much more slowly than with a small boat. There is a two to 4 second lag time before she responds.

We were now surfing through the waves and making a very impressive wake. A boat of this size moves a lot of water, as evidenced by the waves breaking at the stern. We were doing 8.4+ knots and getting along nicely. What struck me about this was that the hull speed for a boat with a 38.7 foot water line length is approximately 8.4 knots [$8.4 = 1.35 \sqrt{38.7}$]. Here we were, comfortable, dry, and having a great time. Even on a substantial yacht of approximately 40 ft. length it would have been a rougher and, I

believe, a somewhat less pleasurable ride. A displacement hull shorter than 38 feet would have been limited by hull speed and would have been slower. It certainly contrasted sharply with what would a hair raising and slow day on my 26 footer.

A Schooner like the Lewis R. French opens up a world to which the vast majority of Americans do not have access. We live hundreds of miles away from a large body of water. Moreover, few bodies of water of any size are as attractive as Penobscot Bay. I like living inland with my small rivers and lakes as do many Americans. Indeed it is fortunate we do not live on the shore, for Penobscot Bay would not be beautiful if it were cluttered with marinas and humanity. In a significant way it appears the perspective of a committed "foreigner" is to our advantage. If we were to live in New England we might consider such boats common and not being as "nautically correct" as one's own private yacht. I will grant [after looking through Juan Baader's *The Sailing Yacht*, 1979, p. 37] that the schooner rig is about 85% as efficient as a sloop rig of the same size. I am not persuaded this is an overwhelming disadvantage for a cruising boat. It simply means you put up more sail when you want it. A schooner doesn't have the windward performance of an America's Cup contender, but on all points of sail I observed she moved along nicely. The performance of a racing rig and hull was not an issue.

Where the high performance argument falls flat is that in my entire boating experience I have never had so much fun on any boat as I did on the Schooner. Even were I to have the wealth of a Rockefeller I doubt I could have derived greater pleasure from another boat. The fine line of reasoning is this: a schooner offers many advantages that a private yacht does not. First, if the captain is able to play it smart and keep the wind off the nose, the Schooner moves along typically faster than a smaller boat with hull speed restrictions. With a crew and many sharing the work it is possible to put in more hours of sailing without expending great effort. Thus you may travel further over a period of a week than you otherwise would in a private yacht. A factor so remote from most of our experience that we seldom consider it is the advantage of having the expert judgment of a professional captain. This is not the amateur hour, this is no weekend sailor. The fellow has considerable knowledge and ability. The captain has been doing this for 14 years, seven of which he was captain and owner. The exposure to this level of expertise and familiarity with the area certainly makes a lot of difference.

I would have been a far better sailor if many years ago I had taken a Schooner cruise. It was a pleasure to see a boat maintained in near story book perfect fashion. I have seen such pictures in various yachting magazines, but I had never been exposed to a working boat that was so well maintained. All the more remarkable was that much of what I was looking at had been built or restored by the captain.

Second, the Schooner is very comfortable. On a private boat, especially if you are singlehandedly sailing, the experience can be fun but exhausting. The treats you get on a Schooner make a difference. The cook typically starts baking biscuits on the wood stove at about 5:30 AM so that you have something to nibble on when you wake up. Throughout the day she is working so that breakfast, lunch, and dinner all fall nicely in line, usually with pleasant little surprises. Home churned ice cream and a lobster cookout also tone up the affair. Look at it, there is a ratio of one crew member for each 4 to 5 passengers. These are nice decent people. Where else can you go and have that many people working on your behalf? When you pitch in it produces even more benefit for everyone. Especially for the spouse who is reluctant to sail with you on your own boat because of cramped quarters and rough conditions, the schooner can be a joy for her also. In this modern day world where we have substituted every sort of device to avoid human labor, it is interesting to observe how much pleasure is derived from people working with and for each other.

Third, you are in touch with antiquity (this boat from time to time is mentioned in the quarterly *Sea History* - it is the genuine article) and something different than what the every day world offers. The Lewis R. French and some of the other early schooners are literally historical monuments. They are registered as National Historic Landmarks. The great wonder is that their success is due to individual efforts of normal persons with families to support. This is not some grand museum enterprise that has access to vast sums of money. Moreover, it is not some failed enterprise which can garner public sympathy. It is a day to day operation that functions through the good efforts of a few people and their passengers who ultimately fund the preservation of these vessels.

One of the pleasures I derived from my 26' boat and which was a motivating factor for getting it was the hunch that I would meet a few interesting people, around the marina and on cruises. That did occur. Indeed, some very memorable characters did pop up. But that only occurred infrequently. An interesting phenomena that appears to occur on a Schooner cruise is a "we're-in-this-boat-together" type mentality. Taking the broad view it is similar to what occurs in an electrical blackout or other emergency. That is, there is a tendency to be incrementally a little more decent than one might otherwise be. After all no point in burning bridges when you are on one. Either this happens or these people were innately decent and I had to come up to their level. Fortunately the boat was large enough that one could nicely weave between independence and conviviality. Thus its your private cruise when you step away and a sociable event when you are less diffident.

The perspective acquired from being with people of widely different professions and fields of interest for a period of a week was altogether good and long lasting.

Some unanticipated events occurred. On my cruise, but not my parents', Dan in the evening read out loud from Melville, Jack London, Nathanael Herreshoff and others. On returning home I read Melville's *Typee* and *White Jacket*, and London's *The Sea Wolf* and *Young Wolf* (an anthology). I mention the books because they have merit and it tickled me that there is a short section of in *Typee* related to the "advantages" of cannibalism that has implications for cold war politics, because *White Jacket* has interesting passages on seamanship and social consciousness, and because I had previously had a low opinion of London. To find that Melville was more than the allegorical writer of *Moby Dick* fame and that London, though uneven in quality, has much brilliance opened up something I had not expected to come from a Schooner cruise.

Our next to the last day sail was in a pea soup fog that brings to mind a San Francisco fog described by London in *Sea Wolf*. A fog of such a density and unbreaking consistency is similar to many situations in which one has to act in the face of very imperfect information. Life and business are littered with analogous events and the consequences of them. I was particularly struck in the case of the French for the need of radar. It was of great interest to look on the scope and see obstacles, entrances to harbors and the like. But without radar and a loran I was curious how captains could have safely navigated. From what I gather the old captains would have taken into account such things as changes of flows, actions of the birds, and good navigation; but to the extent possible they often would probably avoid going out in such a fog. A certain number of wrecks are undoubtedly testaments to failures in some of the methods. Fog conditions of the kind experienced on that day certainly did not augur well for a modern day small yacht without radar and with an inexperienced captain. For me to have spent a day in a fog as this looking out and periodically on the fog horn was memorable and at least as interesting as a sunny day.

For those who especially like wooden boats, but for whom fiberglass has to be the rule on their own boats, the schooner and its three life boats are a nice change. The Pease Pod, built by the Captain (and a play on the his last name and "peapod") was a nice example of boat building originality. It served as a life boat, with four rowing stations, sailing rig, and, though the lines of the boat betrayed it, a flat bottom. It comfortably carried eight people. The boat was varnished natural wood with oak ribbing. The flat bottom was especially designed to be easily pulled ashore at lobster cookouts. It was a nice boat to play around in when the Schooner was anchored.

You see I am from Virginia and there is a lot I haven't seen yet. I have sailed the upper Chesapeake and done some boating on smaller rivers and lakes, but I have never seen any thing like Penobscot Bay. I won't make invidious comparisons because I like where I am and where I have been. But I will acknowledge that Penobscot and environs



are remarkable, wonderful and beautiful. What the wind, sea, glaciers, and the wildlife cooked up were a continuing treat. Seals were on some islands and not on others. Since being there I question the bay's geology. How could it have happened? First, the bay is extraordinarily deep with depths of 100+ feet common and many depths of 50+ feet even relatively close to shore. This contrasts sharply with the Chesapeake which, at least where I have been, is a low gradient bay where peninsulas typically threaten sufficiently shallow water that one can easily run aground. One of my most frequent questions to the captain was: "Is there plenty of water here?" as we moved by a spit of land which surely would have put us hard aground in the Chesapeake. Perhaps, like the abrupt mountains of Southwest Virginia where I live, which were also formed by glaciers, the underwater topography was similarly formed. But why are there so many islands which are so different structurally? Neighboring islands vary sharply from being rock outcroppings, hat-topped formations, long tree covered islands, mouse-like forms, pulpits, and the like. Entertaining side by side variety appears to be the rule, not the exception.

In mathematics, as I believe was pointed out in both Ian Stuart's and James Gleick's books on Chaos theory, a shore line when its distance is measured at every little turn especially down to each particle becomes infinite. The distance is so great it cannot be measured. Because of the large number of islands and varied shorelines the Penobscot shore line distance approaches infinity faster than a more regular smoothly shaped shoreline. This is one reason it is so interesting. You literally see more and approach infinity faster. Thus it can be literally said, with a play on words, that what you see is "infinitely" interesting.

In most voyages there is a "destination." Here the destination was less important. Like a turtle you are carrying every thing you need with you, so

where you get to is less important than where you are at any one moment. I recall the first morning at Swan's Island when some of the captains from the other schooners came over to ask Dan where he thought he would head. There was a wide ranging discussion. The captains either did not know where they would be going, they wanted to indulge themselves in "important" captain-like decisions in view of an imminent hurricane, or they were playing their cards close to the chest. One of the distinguishing features especially in the early days of a 6 day cruise was to leave options open and to work with the weather so that it worked to your favor and was not on your nose or leaving you in a fog bank or pitching you about in a rough sea. All of the wind changes worked to our advantage. At least on my cruise Dan made all the weather calls perfectly (I am curious whether that performance can be duplicated). While some of the other captains spent an extra day in a fog bank, we had clear beautiful sailing that day. From each harbor it was typical for us to be on a broad reach or with a following wind. In these cruises it made little difference and in fact would work out to your disadvantage if the itinerary were preplanned. It made more difference that where we went was varied, interesting to look at, and that the weather in so far as possible was moving us along.

On the Lewis R. French one of the great attraction of the voyage was that one approached a natural state. That is not to say it was a "pure return to nature." I am not persuaded that humans are well adapted to take nature full force. Sufficient comfort and modernity was provided to give one amenities like battery powered central lighting and high tech navigational equipment but for the most part it was an environmentally friendly trip where one could step out of a normal day to day experience for something approaching what could have happened a century ago. It distinctly was not a Caribbean-like Cruise for getting gussied up and strutting around the bar. One of

the nice features was that instead of it being exotic, as travel to a foreign land or a fancy vacation experience, the cruise was more like being given the great privilege of stepping a little deeper into the more desirable aspects of one's own culture and tradition. The traditional aspects extend to the captain's wife growing in her garden many of the vegetables we ate and all leftovers from our meals being saved for composting and recycling to the same garden. Indeed, from their two pre-elementary school aged sons upward, the schooner was a family affair.

When making a selection it struck me that in the literature I received the Captain appeared gruff in the photo (I regretted to find in the more recent literature his photo was replaced with one showing a reasonably friendly smile). It suited me just fine for the captain to be gruff. I did not want to be glad handed by one of your professionals who had majored in "vacation science" or who was a walking ambassador for the "vacation industry." I was far more impressed that he had gone to the Coast Guard Academy and thus presumed he was probably competent. The first evening on the boat as we chatted on a dark deck I was surprised to hear one of the passengers say that the captain had a good sense of humor. So much of my character through pictures interpretations.

The passenger who was talking with me had taken two cruises on other schooners which she liked but her subsequent 3 cruises were on the French. She was adamant in her praises of the French. Among her favorable comments she pointed out that you did more sailing on the French. At least one of the other schooners motored quite a lot. She was of the view that Dan's seamanship and size of the boat allowed him to get in interesting harbors where some of the other schooner's seldom went. Another couple who had sailed with Dan when he first became captain seven years ago chimed in agreement. A third passenger who had sailed nine times on the French would barely acknowledge that other schooners existed. The world of schooner emotions is an interesting study in itself. Among some of the schooner crews there is a lot of pride and, I presume, a rivalry to be the "best." There are at least a few captains who get very loyal return passengers. After the voyage on the French, it was not hard to see why it was highly thought of.

In my parents cruise the proudest moments came on the first day when the winds were reported to be approximately 30+ knots and the seas were running 10 swells with chop on top of the swells. The other vessels staid in port, but not the French. With reefs in the sails and waves washing the gunnels she headed out to Buck Harbor. They had a wonderful time. The boat moved nicely and the crew and passengers were exhilarated. After this indoctrination they were blood-bound clique who had a great time together for the balance of the week.

I came to learn that schooner culture has at least one defining feature. Since it is part of the "transportation industry," all of the French's crew is drug tested. So

when you go out there not only is the vessel Coast Guard Certified, but the crew is straight. I don't even recall any of the crew taking any wine or beer. Though not being a devoted prohibitionist, I may have been insufficiently observant. The French has an added limitation. It is the only "Non-Smoking Schooner." Neither passengers nor crew may smoke anywhere on the boat. One passenger on our cruise used this excuse to break the habit. By the end of the voyage he reported success.

Who on earth takes a cruises like this? On my cruise it was: a banker (she was one of the few from Maine), a pediatrician (she was from North Carolina), a lawyer (from New Jersey), husband retired from NIH and his wife (from Maryland), their son (an emergency room nurse from Washington state) and his wife (a nurse making a career change to certified financial planner), a Harvard student who had spent her summer working in Mexico, a physical therapist (from New York state), a corporate consultant from Rochester, a retired couple (he was in management and ownership of aluminum distribution centers and had taken transoceanic sails and other major cruises, she had been a dental hygienist and college registrar), and myself.

On my parents cruise it was: a newspaper editor and his wife from Canada, a retired president from a major U.S. corporation who has a substantial sailing yacht of his own, a young man from Milwaukee, a retired lady from New Hampshire who has taken approximately seven previous cruises on the French, a photographer-writer from Brooklyn, a housewife (from Pennsylvania who takes periodic cruises & tries unsuccessfully to get her husband to leave work behind him), a man who is a sailing aficionado who also has taken several previous cruises on the French and his son, a lady from Ohio, and my parents. In both cruises the crew consisted of Dan Pease, the captain; the first mate (a Harvard graduate); the cook (a guitarist and experienced cook who had worked on other schooners previously); and a messmate (an MIT graduate from Colorado). Ages varied from 20 to 81, and perhaps because of the circumstances the boundaries of age that typically separate children from parents appeared, at least in some instances, to break down. Many, but not all, had previously, or presently own a boat. Women reportedly usually outnumber men. All participated in helping raise or furl the sails, but none were required to. The degree of participation was at the passenger's discretion.

One point took me by surprise. I took the 6 day cruise. At least from my perspective I found this to be far more satisfactory than a 3 day cruise would have been. One of the functions performed on the Schooner is to separate you from your day to day world. This is something that is not done in a flash. It takes a few days to get into the groove. The first and last day of the cruise are bridge days the first when you are breaking away from your everyday world and the last when you are planning on reentering it. This makes the

3 day cruise one of transitions where you get a flavor of the boat and the people, but where you never really know either. For me it is too much like the hurried world in which we live. The 6 day cruise lets one break into a new world and taste its flavor. A contrary view was expressed by a fellow my parents met when disembarking from a 3 day cruise on the French who worked on Wall Street and who coincidentally knew an acquaintance of theirs. He had taken his first cruise earlier the same year and had returned for a second dose claiming it was the only vacation where he ever felt free from the office.

I expect either the fall or spring offer somewhat better sailing than summer; however, some who had taken summer cruises argued that any time of year was great. Since it is cheaper in fall and spring, I was thereby persuaded that non-summer cruise had at least one advantage over all others. Two things I lacked were rubber boots and rubber gloves. Especially for the cooler weather I recommend both. With foul weather gear, boots, and gloves one can very comfortably stay on deck even when the weather takes a nasty turn. Having an aversion to hanging around the galley when under sail, rubber booties are now on my list. I would suggest taking at least 6, preferably 9, rolls of film and extra battery for the camera. One memento from my parent's cruise is a 40 page "coffee table book" which my mother wrote when returning. She entered her journal into the computer and supplemented it with pictures they took. It is one of their prize possessions.

There is a great deal of differences between schooners. The structural differences between schooners are significant but frequently deceptive. For example, I initially was a great believer in water line length. Now this appears to be a poor way to chose a schooner. First the longest schooners are not necessarily the fastest. The Lewis R. French for example is a frequent winner of the coaster class in the The Great Schooner Race and one of the longest schooners is seldom a serious contender. In terms of social cohesion a large size boat introduces a particular problem. If there are 30 or so passengers (as one can find on a large boat), it is difficult to appreciate individual passengers, especially since you will only be together for a week or less. It is burdensome with 30 or so passengers to know all of them for a relatively short period. To adapt clique formation is a likely outcome. This appears too similar to the large complex world one leaves for it to be a vacation.

Passenger participation also varies considerably. In some measure each schooner takes on an "attitude" which appears to take its lead from the captain. On some schooners passenger participation is limited. For example there may be a donkey motor which raises the sails. This suits some, but not me. I wanted to crew the boat to the extent that my abilities allowed. Some boats use a diesel stove to cook the meals. The appeal of the wood stove and the good work the cook can perform on it was feature I am glad I did

not miss. Some of the schooners have gasoline motor run electric generators. The smell and noise from these contraptions can be best appreciated at a distance of a few hundred miles. One of the schooners has a VCR.

In the following Maine Windjammers offering 3 and 6 day cruises are listed according to age with deck length indicated: 1871 Lewis R. French 65 ft. (800) 469-4635, 1-(800) GO-WINDjamming; 1871 Stephen Taber 68 ft. (800) 999 7352; 1882 Grace Bailey 80 ft. (800) 736-7981; 1886 Isaac H. Evans 65 ft. (800) 648-4544; 1900 Victory Chimes 132 ft. (800) 745-5651; 1916 Mercantile 80 ft. (800) 736-7981; 1922 Nathaniel Bowditch 82 ft. (800) 288-4098; 1925 Roseway 112 ft. (800) 255 4449; 1927 J.&E. Riffin 89 ft. (800) 869-0604; 1930 American Eagle 95 ft. (800) 648-4544; 1931 Timberwind 72 ft. (800) 759 9250; 1960 Mistress 40 ft. (800) 736 7981; 1962 Mary Day 90 ft. (800) 992-2218; 1980 Angelique 95 ft. (800) 282 9989; and 1983 Heritage 95 ft. (800) 542-5030. For more information on schooners you may want to look at the New York Times article "By Windjammer Around Penobscot", Sunday edition, May 23, 1993, p. 14XX and Jerry Morris' book *New England Under Sail, a Guide to Sailing Ships, Ferries and Historic Vessels* (Castine, Maine: Country Roads Press, 1993).

Andrew Carnegie's chiding, "Yachting is like throwing away money standing in a cold shower," now tempers my reasoning [Am uncertain whether the quote is exact, its gist however hit home]. As a child I had the advantage of using boats which my parents purchased and maintained. My first boat was the 26' 1936 Coast Guard Academy sloop which I purchased near Mystic, Conn. and had hauled down to a Marina on the Bohemia River in Maryland. The boat required months of restoration. With great difficulty I pulled the fin keel had it redrilled for new keel bolts, sistered ribs, removed some of the unnecessary wood work that had been added, redid the deck, etc. In short I worked sun up to sun down about as hard as a human could work for about two months to get it done. In the years I owned the boat I spent about 30 days sailing which included two cruises to Annapolis. The boat had the distinction of having a beautiful 38 foot spruce mast and 350 sq. foot free-footed mainsail. I never sailed her without getting many friendly inquiries about her history. The most surprising was the first time I negotiated my way into Annapolis harbor when a large beautiful training vessel from the Naval Academy made directly for me. To my great surprise it was the captain who wanted to know the story of my boat.

At seven hours distance from the boat, with some financial difficulties of my own, with slip and mooring fees being high, I was unable to keep the boat. To this day I have never said to any one what happened to it. I can only write it. I did not get any decent offers for the boat. The only offer I got was from a firm who bought the boat to place it as a marker at the entrance of a real estate development.

I told the yard to sell it but never to tell me where it went.

It occurs to me that my story may be slightly different from others but that it probably has a common thread in at least in one regard. The venture was a very expensive one. I lost thousands of dollars. Even when one has a large boat and is successful I believe such boats are very expensive, usually far more expensive than the owner anticipated or will admit. If one were further to figure the number dollars spent (loan expense, mooring or slip fees, repair, winterizing, scraping and painting, electronic equipment, motors, depreciation, The Unexpected Problem, etc.) for each hour sailing, it can be enough to unnerve the most composed poker face.

A great attraction with a schooner is you know how much it costs up front. The cost compared to all other yachting endeavors is low. By setting aside \$50 a month one can take a 6 day cruise once a year. At \$25 a month it is a cruise every other year. With the exception of a decent gratuity for the crew and transportation expenses to get to Maine, there are no additional expenses. That is it. It is considerably less than boat yard fees for one year. Moreover, for the week you are on the boat your not spending money elsewhere. Neither you nor your spouse is running up bills any for restaurants, phone calls, shopping, gas, etc. For some the trip may pay for itself by capturing a big spender and putting him or her where they can't do much damage. You won't find Gucci or malls on the Bay. Also look it, how many times have you gone to the beach, a vacation which you can barely tolerate, which is a great expense, and in short is a habit from which you derive very slight pleasure. From now on there is going to be at least one less person at the beach for so long as I am able to overrule any forceful others.

For several years after selling my boat I was so shell shocked I never got on a boat. My brother in law lent me his sailboard. It seems to have become a fairly permanent form of lending which suits me nicely. On nearby Claytor Lake I sail it fairly frequently and have found it to teach a great deal about sailing. With no tiller it is substantially a matter of controlling the center of effort so that you have a balanced rig that takes you where you want to go. "Where you want to go" however is something of a problem on a curvy mountain lake with sporadic winds that follow the lake. The two principal disadvantages were: there was always this one point off in the distance which I was determined to reach but never did. The shifting and fading winds were my cruel master. But more disagreeably on a sailboard a following wind, especially a strong one when there is a chop, is almost impossible to sail in. There is very little stability on that point of sail. If you survive the experience it is only after having thoroughly exhausted yourself. The only remedy for a person of my modest ability is to go on a wider section of the lake and to plan points of sail to keep the wind off your stern. Then you can zip along have a lot of fun.

Subsequent to a few years on the sailboard I resolved that any boat I owned would be one I could put on my shoulders and carry. The rational, such as it was, being that a small fiberglass boat would be a permanent low maintenance, low expense boat, which would neither require a trailer (for which I have little space) or mooring fees which I cannot afford. Now my two boats hang suspended as reasonably attractive ornaments along and adjacent to the ceiling of my porch - ready for whenever they are needed.

Though I had never seen a scull except in pictures. I decided this was the boat for me. I would be able to go up and down Claytor Lake and the adjoining New River. I decided on a boat made by Martin Marine, the people who make the Alden Ocean Shell: the longer and narrower 21' Martin, secondhand.

I found rowing a scull took considerably more practice than I expected. But now that I am accustomed to it I find that one can easily row about 20 miles in 4 and a half hours. The summer usually consists of one or two 6 mile rows a week and a 20 miler every month or so.

The 20 mile row is not marathon activity. It is less exhausting than walking thirteen or fourteen miles. The Martin is faster but not as stable as the Alden Ocean Shell and thus it is best to avoid very high winds and ski boats to the extent possible. Fortunately nearby Gatewood Reservoir does not allow power boats so its usually possible to have at least one nice mountain lake available.

The Martin is not sufficiently stable for fishing. But I have a lathe and milling machine which I intend to make a few modifications on the detachable sliding seat to increase stability. I have made two changes which I expect would not go down well at a rowing club: I added two rear view mirrors courtesy of the local automotive junk yard, which look very nice but undoubtedly would not be considered trendy in certain circles. Also have lowered the sliding seat to give a lower center of gravity. Have ambitions of redesigning the sliding seat (which is nice enough as it is, I just want to check out a few alternative designs) and experiment with a few unusual oar designs. The boat is great in this respect, since one can leave the hull (which incidentally is white with a beautiful green deck, far more snazzy than to what I am entitled) untouched and do all the experimenting with a sliding seat which can be easily carried into the shop.

To each person there is a particular mix which meets one's needs. Either one can stumble on it or seek it out. I had the good fortune to stumble on: the schooner, sailboard, and scull - each being of radically different character but having in common low expense and a high level of satisfaction. When leaving Maine I saw a modern 50 foot yacht that was beautiful. It was a surprise to me that my first thought was: "Boy, am I glad I don't own that." However, my resistance may be breaking down because when sailing I did see a beautiful Herreshoff 12 1/2 Footer and my first thought was: "Maybe a trailerable boat isn't such a bad idea."

The most Dangerous and Memorable Adventure of Richard Ferris

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, the Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Who departed from Tower Wharfe on Midsommer day last past *, with Andrew Hill and William Thomas, who undertooke in a small Wherry Boate, to rowe by Sea to the Citie of Bristowe, and are now safely returned.

~ submitted by Ben Jones

Richard Ferris was one of five 'ordinary messengers' in the court of Elizabeth I. His 'Travailes' began on the 24th June 1590 and were completed on 3rd August when he and his companions 'arrived safely in Bristol...at half ebb with his wherry under sail, and landed at the further slip on the Back'. The wherry was brought 'on men's shoulders up to the Tolsey'. The voyage was made for a wager and brought Richard Ferris fame though it seems he may have had some trouble collecting his winnings when he returned to London.

Many broadsheet ballads and poems celebrating his 'Memorable Adventure' were printed within days of his arrival in Bristol. And a pamphlet written by Richard Ferris was soon printed by 'John Wolfe for Edward White, and to be sold at his shop being at the little north doore of Pauls at the Signe of the Gunne'.

The coast was a dangerous place in those days; this was after all only two years after the Spanish Armada.

The following account is taken from open source material. I have left the spelling unaltered except for changing V for U, U for V and the 'f like' long s for a short 's' to make things more readable.

Ben Jones

* *Midsummer's day was celebrated on the 24th June. It was a 'quarter day' and an important festival. Using the Julian calendar of 1590 the Solstice would have occurred on the 11th June. The Gregorian calendar used today has the Summer Solstice occurring between the 20th and 22nd June. In 2019 it will be on June 21st at 15h 55m 17s UT.*

Richard Ferris his Travailes to Bristowe

AFTER that I had rashly determined to passe the seas with a Wherry, and to rowe my selfe in the same to the citie of Bristow, though with the evill will of sundrie my good friendes, but especially full sore against my aged fathers consent, now dwelling in the citie of Westminster, where I was borne, I thought it convenient to seeke out some one expert pilot to direct me and my companion by his skill, the better to passe the perilles and dangers whereof I was foretold. Whereupon I tooke unto me one W. Thomas, a man of sufficient skill and approved experience, by whom I was still content to be advised, even from my first going forth, untill my last comming home.

The boate wherein I determined to performe my promise was new built, which I procured to be painted with greene, and the oares and sayle of the same collour, with the red crosse for England and her Majesties armes, with a vane standing fast to the sterne of the sayd boate which being in full readinesse, upon Midsommer day last, my selfe with my companions, Andrew Hill, and William Thomas, with a great many of our friends and welwillers, accompanied us to the Tower Wharfe of London, there wee entred our boate, and so, with a great many of our friends in other like boates, rowed to the court at Greenewitch, where before the court gate we gave a volley of shot: then we landed and went into the court, where we had great entertainment at every office, and many of our friendes were full sorie for our departing.

And having obtained leave before of the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine, the Lord Admirall, and M. vize Chamberlaine, for my departure, I tooke my leave and so departed. Setting up our sayles, and taking us to our oares, wee departed towarde this our doubtfull course: and first we tooke our way to Gravesende, and from thence to these places hereafter mencioned, namely:

To Margat.
To Dover.
To new Haven in Sussex. To Portchmouth.
To Sandwich in Dorcetshire.
To Abbots Berry.
To Lyme.
To Seaton.
To Tingmouth.
To Dartmouth.
To Sancombe.
To Plymmoth.

To Lowe in Cornewall.
To S. Mawes in faumoth. To the great bay at Pensans called Mounse bay.
To S. Ives at the further side of the lande end.
To Gooddrivie.
To Padstowe.
To Bottrycks Castle, which is in the race of Hartlande alias Hartry-point.
To Clevelley.
To Ilford Coume.
To Mynnet high cliffes. And, lastly, to the citie of Bristowe.

At these places before recited we stayed and refreshed our selves; sometime we were constrained to put into these places for want of victuals, sometime for to have their certificats to testifie of our being there: sometimes we were weather bound, and sundrie accidents worth the noting happened unto us in many of these places; and our welcome in all places deserveth due commendations, the particulars wherof hereafter followeth.

After we had passed Gravesend, as is a foresayd, we came to the landsend then we bent our course to Margat, which place having passed, we woone the forelande with some high billowes.

From thence to the south forelande, and soon after we put in at Dover, where we stayed about vi houres, and where we were greatly entertayned.

From thence we tooke to the Camber nestes, which is betweene Rie and Dover, and so along the mayne sea towards fayre Lee. Thin we rowed and sayled along the coast untill we came to Beachie, and passing by it, we harbored at new Haven in Sussex, where we had reasonable good weather till we came betweene the Ile of Wight and Portchmouth there we had a great storme, and in such fort overpressed with weather, that wee were constrayned to make towards a castle, called Hurst Castle, from whence, at the fall of winde and tide, we put fourth againe to sea, and recovered to Sandwitch in Dorcetshire. From thence we passed through a race, called S. Albons, which is a hedland, where we were in a great fret by reason of the race, and to continued hazarding our lives by meanes of that fret, to the great and daungerous race of Portland, where, by the good direction of our pilot and master, we fought and strove by great labour to take the advantage of the tide and weather, whereby we passed through it in one houre.

Here did the the billowes rise verie hie, so that we were in great daunger, yet, God be thanked, we escaped them without any dammage. From thence we passed to Lime bay, where we staid but one night, and from thence to Seaton, at which place we were compelled to carrie and lift up our boate on shoare by extremitie of foule weather, for wee were there in great danger, by reason of frets, sands, and fowle weather, which greatly troubled us.

From thence we went to Tingmoth, and so to Dartmoth: there we remained two daies, and had good intertainment, and great courtesie offred us by the inhabitants thereof. And uppon the next day morning, being Sunday, wee put to sea againe there having a faire winde and tide, wee came to the Start, where the winde rose and hemde us in round about into a verie dangerous race (this was on the fifteenth of July), where wee were in such an extremitie that we had like to have beene drowned; yet it pleased God so farre to worke for us, that we escaped the danger thereof which done, wee went to the westward of Sawcombe; there wee were constrained to hall uppe our bote in a cove called Sower Mill, behind a rocke neare to Sir William Courtney, a verie bountiful knight, at whose house wee laie all that night, and would have had us to have staide longer. But from thence, having faire weather, wee came to Plimmoth.

Heere wee mette with her Majesties shippes, where maister Captaine Fenner and maister Captaine Wilkinson gave us great intertainment, especially for that they saw we had leave given us from the right Honourable of her Majesties counsell for our quiet and safe passage. And for that I was her Majesties messenger, they gave us the greater intertainment, and staide there one night; from thence we went to Lowe, and there staide one night; from thence to Sainte Mawes, with verie calme and good weather, until wee came to the Lizard, being a place well knownen to be most dangerous and full of rockes and rases, where, God be thanked, we passed in the currant of the tide with great swiftnes, but with wonderfull danger, where, had it not beene well looked unto of the maister, wee had all beene cast away.

Then we did cutte over the Monte bay to Moushole, which is foure myles beyond the mount, where we were constrained, for want of necessarie victuals, to come backe againe to Pensance, where we lodged all night.

The next morning, we set out to goe for the landes end, where setting from Pensans with our halfe tide, to recover the first of the tide at the lands end, we being in our boate a great way from the shore, our maister descryed a Pyrate, having a vessel of foure tunne, who made towards us amaine, meaning doubtles to have robbed us, but, doubting such a matter, we rowed so neare the shoare as wee might and by that time as he was almost come at us, we were neare to a rocke standing in the sea, where this Pyrate thought to have taken us at an advantage: for being come close to the outside of the saide rocke, called Raynalde stones, he was becalmed and could make no way, and so were we. But God, who never faileth those that put their trust in him, sent us a comfort unlooked for; for as we rowed to come about by this rocke, suddenly we espyed a plaine and verie easie way for us to passe on the inner side of the saide rocke, where we went through very pleasantly, and by reason thereof he could not follow us: thus we escaped safely, but he was soone after taken and brought in at Bristow. Here we found great breaches, races and rocks, the winde then being northerly and altogether against us, which was wonderfull painefull, troublesome, and daungerous to us: neverthesse (God be thanked) we escaped in safetie, and recovered to Saint Ives, where we were well entertained. The next day we put to sea againe, but being within five myles of Saint Ives, we were constrained to seeke for a cove, which we found, called Saint Dryney in Cornwall.

Here, for that we wanted victualles, our maister was constrained to goe climbe the great cliffe at Goodryvey, which is at the least fortie fatham hye, and wonderfull steepe, which none of us durst venture to doe; and (God be blessed for it) he had no harme at al, but surely, to all likely hoodes, had his foote once slipped, there could have beene no recovery to have saved him, but that he would have beene brused in peeces.

At this place we stayed two dayes at maister Arondalles house, where we were greatly welcome, and from thence we went to Bottricks Castell, where dwelleth a gentleman called maister Hynder: there we were wether bound, and constrained to stay full seventeene dayes, where we had greate intertainment, he himselfe offering us, if we would stay a whole yeare, wee should be welcome, and the rather for that I was one of her Maiesties servants. But uppon the

eighteenth day, the foule wether seasing, we did againe put to the sea through the race of Hartland, alias Hartipointe, which is as ill as the race of Portlande, which wee escaped, and recovered to Clevelley, where wee were entertained by a very courteous gentleman, called maister Carey. And from thence wee came to Ilforde Coume, which was on Saterdag at night, the first of August last past; Whereupon, for that wee were to neare Bristow, I desired my company that wee might put to sea that night, which they were loth to doe, yet at my importunate sute they graunted thereto. But being at sea, the winde arose very sore from of the land, which put us all in great feare, whereby I my selfe was constrained to row foure houres alone on the larboorde side, and my fellowe rower was compelled to lade forth water to fast as it came into the boate, which did beate upon me, and over me, very sore, the winde then being east and by south. Thus I was constrained to labour for life, and yet had almost killed my selfe through the heate I tooke in that time, rowing as is aforesaide, untill we came to Mynette.

This done, we went from Mynytte, and so betweene the two homes came to Bristow in one tyde, and arrived at the backe of Bristow, about sixe of the clocke at night.

But it was wonderfull to see and heare what rejoycing there was on all sides at our coming the Maior of Bristow, with his bretheren the Aldermen, came to the water side, and welcomed us most lovingly, and the people came in great multitudes to see us; in so much as, by the consent of the Magistrates, they tooke our boate from us, not suffering us once to meddle with it, in respect that we were all extreame wearie, and carried our saide boate to the high crosse, in the citie: from thence it was conuayed to the towne house, there locked safe all night.

And on the next morning, the people of the citie gathered them selves together, and had prepared trumpets, drummes, fyfes, and ensignes to go before the boate, which was carried upon mens shoulders round about the citie, with the waites of the saide citie, playing orderly in honour of our rare and daungerous attempt atchived. Afterwardes we were had to matter Maiors, to the Aldermen and Sheriffes houses, where we were feasted most royally, and spared for no cost all the time that we remained there. Thus having a while refreshed our selves after our so tedious labours, we came to London on Saturday, being the eight of August, 1590 where, to speake truth without dissembling, our entertainment at our coming was great and honourable, especially at the Court, and in the Cities of London and Westminster and generally I found that the people greatly rejoyced to see us in all places.

To conclude I have given order that the saide boate shal be brought by land from Bristow to London, where the watermen and sundry other have promised to grace the saide boate with great melodie, and sundry volleyes of shot, which very shortly is entended to be performed.

Here is to be remembred, that betweene Hartiepoint and Clevelly, the winde being verie strong, my companion and oare fellow, Andrew Hill, in taking downe our sayle, fell over boord into the sea; where by great good happe, and by meanes that he helde fast to a peece of our sayle, we recovered him, and got him up againe (although he were a verie waightie man), which if we had not done, I could not have gotten any man to have supplied his roome: but when we sawe that he was amended, we gave God thanks for his recoverie.

Thus to God I, with my fellow mates, give most hartie prayers and thanks for our safe deliverance from so imminent daungers as we have beene in since our departure from the court at Greenewitch, being still defended by the mightie and handie worke of Almightye God, to whom we, in all obedience and duetie, dayly pray for the prosperous health of her Maiestie, and her honourable Councell, whose lives and welfare is the strength and maintenance of this land, and whom Almightye God prosper and preserve now and ever. Amen.

FINIS.

RICHARD FERRIS

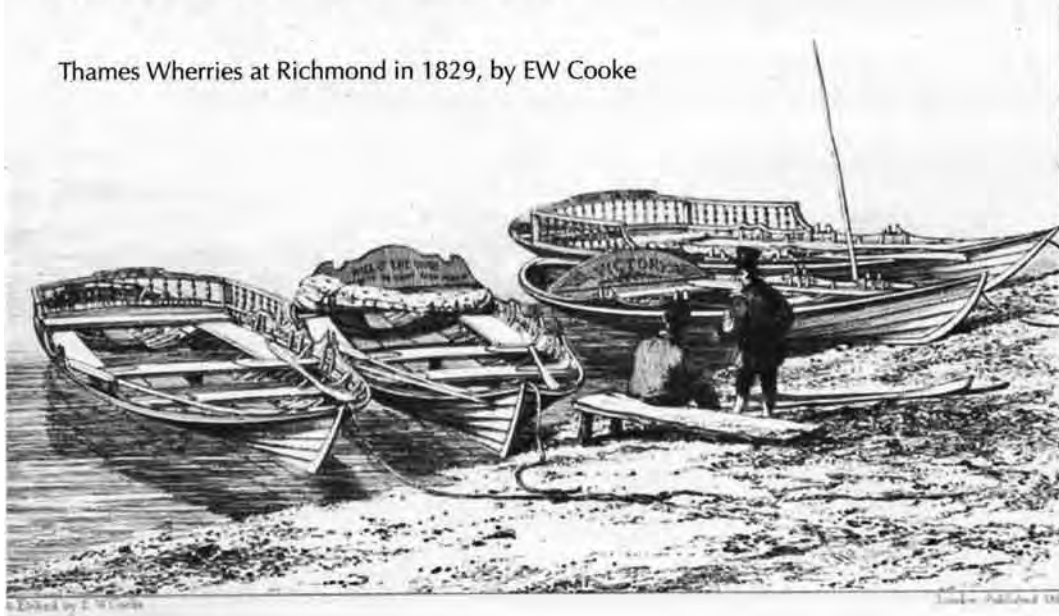
Very few of the original 1590 pamphlets survive but the account of the voyage was reprinted in Illustrations of Early English popular Literature Vol 2 by J Payne Collier in 1864. A version of this book, containing Richard Ferris's account of his adventure, can be downloaded from www.forgottenbooks.org for a few pounds. The full text taken from the same book can also be found at Google books for no charge. There you will find the introductions from both J Payne Collier's book and the original account along with some of the Vagon poems written in Richard Ferris' honour.

A peer reviewed academic paper that puts this voyage into historical, sociological and literary context entitled: "You served God he set you free": is to be found at: <https://extra.shu.ac.uk/emls/si-16/manoferr.htm>. There is also a Wikipedia page: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Ferris_\(adventurer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Ferris_(adventurer)).

Ben Jones

'Richard Ferris' Continued...

Thames Wherries at Richmond in 1829, by EW Cooke



(Left) modern replica of wherry *Rose-In-June* – the original is the 4th boat from the left in the sketch above. Note that the passenger 'accommodation', the three thwarts and the thole pins can easily be removed or replaced

(Below) A Thames wherry of the kind used around Richmond.



Floods Bring Out The Coast Guard Punt Team

The Coast Guard rescued 17 people and three dogs from floodwaters in Alexander County, Illinois. Coast Guard Sector Upper Mississippi River deployed a Western Rivers Punt Team to support high water operations. Western River Flood Punt Teams use small lightweight flat bottom boats that are suitable for navigating floodwaters in urban areas. The team spent over seven hours conducting operations which included evacuating people from a flooded trailer park.



Gorgoypikoos Runs Up on Millers Sand Bar in Oregon's Columbia River

The Coast Guard responded to a 738' motor vessel which ran aground on the Millers Sand Bar east of Tongue Point. The vessel was able to pull itself off the bar early the next morning at high tide with no injuries or pollution reported. Coast Guard watchstanders at Sector Columbia River received the call that the *Gorgoypikoos* had run soft aground while transiting at 10 knots due to steering control malfunction. The vessel had a crew of 21 and was reported to be carrying grain and approximately 318,000 gallons of fuel oil.



Miss Linda Swamps and Capsizes 40 Miles off Venice, Louisiana, New Orleans

The Coast Guard rescued two people after their vessel began taking on water 40 nautical miles northeast of Venice, Louisiana. Coast Guard Sector New Orleans watchstanders received a report of the vessel *Miss Linda* taking on water in Breton Sound, Louisiana, with two people aboard. A Coast Guard Aviation Training Center Mobile HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew located the *Miss Linda* and dropped two rafts and supplies to the two individuals. The Ocean Sentry aircrew remained on scene until a Coast Guard Air Station New Orleans MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew arrived and transferred survivors to Boothville, Louisiana with no reported medical concerns.



Identify Hoax Caller

The Coast Guard would like the public's help to identify a suspected hoax caller who has been transmitting distress calls since late March around Ocean City, Maryland. Sector Maryland-National Capital Region watchstanders have been receiving a steady stream of suspected or confirmed hoax radio calls, believed to be from the same individual. The calls in Ocean City were made on VHF-FM marine band Channel 16, a channel designated only for hailing and distress calls. The caller has stated that they were "going down with the ship" and regularly broadcasts "mayday, mayday, mayday" along with a string of other calls, including profanity. If you think you have any information leading to the identification of a hoax caller, please contact the Coast Guard Investigative Service at cgis-baltimore@uscg.mil.

32' Sloop Almost Made It Through the Cut

The Coast Guard responded to a report of a 32' sailing vessel grounded off Magic Island in Hawaii. Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a report of the grounded vessel which was en route to Ala Wai Boat Harbor from Sand Island at the time of the incident. The owner was the only person aboard and swam safely to shore. A 45' Response Boat Medium crew from Coast Guard Station Honolulu launched to assist. An Air Station Barbers Point MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew also conducted an aerial assessment. The weather at the time of the grounding was 3' seas and 15mph winds. The Coast Guard worked proactively with the owner, Ocean Safety, the State Department of Health Hazard Evaluation and Emergency Response (HEER) Office and the Department of Land and Natural Resources. The vessel owner worked with local salvors to salvage the vessel.



70 Miles off Guam Outrigger Canoe Tips, Three Man Crew was Prepared and Saved

Good Samaritans from a merchant vessel, the *Frio Mogami*, with Coast Guard coordination, rescued three men from an overturned vessel over 70 miles off Yap. The Automated Mutual Assistance Vessel Rescue System program provided guidance in recovering the three men ages 31, 50 and 75 from their capsized 36' sailing canoe. The men were all wearing life jackets and were in two separate dinghies drifting with their vessel. They also used a registered position indicating radio beacon. Merchant vessels all over the world making offshore voyages are encouraged to participate in the AMVER program. Having a properly registered PLB like these men did helps the Coast Guard locate you more quickly and easily.



Cutter Joseph Doyle Commissioned in Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Doyle* (WPC-1133) was commissioned into service during a ceremony at US Coast Guard Sector San Juan, Puerto Rico. The *Joseph Doyle* is the 33rd Fast Response Cutter FRC to be commissioned in the Coast Guard and the 7th to be assigned to Sector San Juan and homeported in Puerto Rico. "Today we make history as we welcome the USCGC *Joseph Doyle* and Puerto Rico is now the sector in the Coast Guard with the largest number of fast response cutters," said Hon Jennifer-Gonzales Colon. "I'm honored to be the ship's sponsor of this beautiful cutter and that it is also commanded by a woman. This is part of the work we do in collaboration with the Coast Guard and other agencies so Puerto Rico can have the necessary resources to guarantee the safety of our coasts and combat illegal drug trafficking."



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White Fleet

Carnival Cruises is publicizing their *Mardi Gras* as if it was the newest model of *Sport's Illustrated's* Swimsuit edition. The company especially features its 800' roller coaster that hurls people at 40mph around and over the side of the ship. The video of the ride is exciting but one must wonder what exactly passengers want when they go to sea for a vacation. Evidently a little salt air, sunshine and conviviality are not among the desires.

Viking Cruise Lines (who offer river voyages) have not given up on the concept of a gentle cruise down the ol' Mississippi despite the Jones Act that states that any company that plies the waters from start to finish in the US must be owned, built and operated by US companies. Fort Madison, Iowa, known mostly for its penitentiary, has been in significant discussions with Viking regarding a stop in that city.

The Iowans offered \$1.7 million for the construction of a dock if Viking would toss in about \$500,000 in assistance. With lengthy stops in town, the potential for riverside development is enormous. A fairly dull river town could become a blossom of economic profits with a little imagination.

Dubuque, Iowa, 40 years ago, was pretty run down with high unemployment, vacant central city and an overall dowdy look. Some brilliant and creative minds took over and immediately built a dog track, a casino, a large aquarium, added to a lagoon near the aquarium for an old paddle wheeler and room for a small excursion paddle wheeler, renovated an old abandoned brewery into a really nice craft beer eatery and cleaned up one of the dirtiest and grungiest towns along the river. Dubuque has grown into a very healthy city with a wonderful economy thanks to lots of visitors. Every city in Iowa is told by consultants, government and urban planners to use Dubuque as a model of rejuvenation. Maybe there is hope for Ft Madison.

Two people on the same cruise died aboard Royal Caribbean's *Voyager Of The Seas* while plying the waters off Singapore. Officials said one of the guests was 61 years old and the other 75, however, both died of natural causes. The voyage was from Singapore to Thailand and back.

Holland America's *Oosterdam* and *Nieuw Amsterdamsdam* had a fender bender while the former was trying to dock near the latter at Vancouver. No one was injured but both ships sustained minor damage. The damage was mostly cosmetic and well above the water line, thus no alteration of the itinerary was necessary.

History

I did some research for the Mahaska County Historical Society (Oskaloosa, Iowa) and thought it might be interesting to the readers of *MAIB*.

The *USS Mahaska* was a double ended side paddle wheeler of the 3rd rate (rates were the levels of armament). Obviously, she was named for Chief Mahaska. The boat was built at Portsmouth Naval Yard in Kittery, Maine, for a total of \$130,001.68, approximately! *Mahaska* was 100 tons with a length of 282'2" and a beam of 33'10" and a draft of 10'4". She could run at 9 knots while carrying 1-100lb Parrot Rifle, 1-9" gun and 4-24lb guns.

Launched on December 10, 1861, she spent the next few months on typical training and preparation before engaging Confederate batteries on the Appomattox River in June 1862. On November 1, 1862, she destroyed



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

Rebel entrenchments at West Point, Virginia. Sometime during that year *Mahaska's* Ensign Elliott led a shore party that burned a small schooner and captured nine small boats.

Running in the Chesapeake Bay she captured the *General Taylor* on February 20, 1863. Sometime that summer she took aboard General Richard Busteed, Brigade Commander attached to the VII Corps, and again Ensign Elliott was sent ashore to burn the sloops *Mary Jane* and *Ben Bolt*. The Navy ordered *Mahaska* to blockade Charleston where she fired on Forts Sumter, Wagner and Morris Island.

In 1864 she led an expedition against Jacksonville, Florida, but was ordered back to Boston for overhaul and general repair.

In 1865 she went back to Florida where she captured the *Delia* on January 16. When the war was over that spring she was in New Orleans and decommissioned. John Dole of Boston purchased her. Dole owned the Bangor (Maine) Planing and Moulding Mill adjacent to the wharf and railroad depot. Aside from the normal lumber and planking, the mill specialized in building ship knees. That company still exists.

Among her various crew, we know her Master was Gustavus Percival. She had several ensigns including JC Boteler, JC Foster and JW Sanderson. Assistant Paymaster was Joseph G. Morton, Second Engineer George Birwell, Third Engineer John Foster and Gunner Robert Knox. Her captain was Parker Alexander Foxhall, Jr whose father was a Navy Captain in the War of 1812. Parker Alexander Foxhall eventually became the Superintendent of the US Naval Academy. At the time of the Civil War, Foxhall was making a munificent salary of \$3,479.73, approximately.

Moving ahead some 80 years, Ira Bushey and Sons in Brooklyn, New York, built a tugboat, *USS Mahaska YN 36*, in 1940 as hull #473. She was quickly snapped up by the Navy and renamed the *Mahaska*. She underwent conversion to Navy needs at the New York Navy Yard before being assigned to the 5th Naval District Norfolk. During her Navy service she underwent several auxiliary designations as an YN, YNT, YTB and YTM all of which mean she was an auxiliary craft (tugboat).

As built, *Mahaska* was 97' long with a beam of 25'4" and a draft of 13' weighing in at 127 tons. She was powered by a six cylinder Fairbanks Morse Diesel with a fixed pitch prop generating 1,800hp.

After the war she was purchased by the Thames Towing Company and given a new EMD 16-645 diesel engine with a fixed pitch prop that generated 2,000hp. She was renamed the *Thameship*. Interestingly, the *Thameship* still works the waterways around New London, Connecticut. 'Tis a tough ol' boat.

Inland Waterways

The Army Corps of Engineers, DNR, and state officials of Wisconsin and Iowa are

on a series of town hall meetings regarding the Blackhawk Bridge from Lansing, Iowa, to Wisconsin over the Mississippi River. Blackhawk Bridge has always been a bit of a problem. The 1931 bridge was originally a privately owned toll bridge that was closed from 1945 to 1957 because of damage, ill repair and financial problems with owners. The two states bought it and redecked it.

Named for Chief Black Hawk whose followers were slaughtered eight miles up river. The Chief swam across the river and hid in caves near New Albin before surrendering to soldiers at Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin). He received a death sentence but was taken to Washington, DC, where his personality and noble values warmed the hearts of the Capital. He was reprieved.

The bridge is a single Warren Truss riveted cantilever bridge, an unusual design and extraordinarily picturesque especially when viewed from the nearby bluff, Mount Hosmer. Blackhawk Bridge has a myriad of problems. It is placed on a narrow curve in the river that is difficult for barges to maneuver around and they often hit it. The Army Corps of Engineers built a series of concrete buffers to protect it.

The Wisconsin approach is a series of causeways over ponds, sloughs and backwaters. Last year part of the causeway collapsed during the night and a driver was killed on his way to work. The Wisconsin end abruptly ends at a T intersection facing a limestone bluff. The Lansing end is even more abrupt with a steep downhill run ending across the street from a gas station and several houses.

Unfortunately for the beautiful bridge, it is badly obsolete. Among the proposals are building a new bridge at a different location, repair of the obsolete bridge or removing it entirely. Local folks are totally against proposals one and three despite recognizing the problems. Iowa's Kim Reynolds (Rep) seems very lukewarm to anything that costs money and the main channel is on the Iowa side of the river. With the current farm crisis and a recent major tax cut, no politician is interested in increased spending on some unplanned projects.

If you do a Google search for Blackhawk Bridge, you will see the beautiful bridge and understand the issues facing everyone. Truth be told, I grew up nearby in Waukon, Iowa, and my grandfather had his boat at Lansing. The area remains the Regan's American Homeland since 1848.

Spring flooding has devastated many riverside areas along our inland waterways but especially in the Missouri and Upper Mississippi regions. St Paul, Minnesota, had a record of 33 consecutive days of flooding in 2001 that was smashed by 42 consecutive days underwater this year. Several locks above St Louis were wide open but the Chain of Rocks and Melvin Price locks were closed to navigation.

The Missouri River had 60 levees breached with over \$3 billion worth of damage. Tami Regan, a cousin, lost her house but was able to rescue her horses and transport them to safety. The old adage about kids returning home to live was apt. She and her husband had to move in with Uncle Don, age 94. Thankfully Don likes cats and dogs.

The upper Missouri had the third highest level of runoff in 121 years of book-keeping. The area between Gavins Point Dam at Yankton, South Dakota, and Sioux City, Iowa, had the second highest runoff

recorded. Gavins Point released 55,000 cubic feet of water every second! It averages about 25,000 cubic feet under normal conditions. Gavins Point Dam officials have had to contend with release water from Oahe and Fort Randall runoff from the watershed for all the Upper Missouri. Interestingly, the series of dams on the Missouri River is the largest set in the world.

The good news is that the six hydroelectric dams usually generate 693 million kWh in April. This year they cranked out 12.3 billion kWh in April.

Meanwhile, along the Mighty Mississippi records continued to fall approaching the flood records of 1993. The Quad cities (Davenport and Bettendorf in Iowa and Rock Island and Moline in Illinois) set new inundation records, 10' over flood stage tended to be the norm. Two levees were breached in Missouri.

The damages along the Mississippi have been significant. Virtually all of downtown Davenport, Iowa, was flooded. Their minor league baseball team could have no home games for well over a month. The flood killed four people. The farmers were the worst hit, not only because of flooded fields and delayed planting, but also because of lack of fertilizer, especially ammonium hydrate that usually arrived by barges.

The Army Corps of Engineers will dewater the locks at Robert Byrd and Willow Island on the Ohio River for repair and general maintenance. They will also repair three locks on the Kanawha River while trying to minimize the delay of commercial traffic.

Gray Fleet

The Navy is becoming more and more complicated due to the changing technologies ashore and onboard. She currently requires about an 80% retention rate to maintain effectiveness in maintaining the current 314 ship fleet. If Washington wishes to grow to 355 ships as per directions from the Trump administration, the Navy must grow by 40,000 sailors and officers. Considering the amount of time required at sea, the percentage of married/dual professionals and all the other issues of career military, this is going to be one difficult task. One example is that currently 9,000 Navy children are without day-care, thus forcing the families to find and pay for such services themselves.

Vice Admiral Bill Merz, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, testified before Congress that the Navy is at the brink of falling off the readiness table. Citing Navy and Center for Strategic and International Studies data, Merz bluntly said that the Navy is at minimal readiness for the missions assigned. Worse, the Navy is unable to meet the demands with the current budget and the Administration's push for a larger fleet. He said that the desires and needs are out of balance with the reality of politics and money.

The Middle East has always been a hotbed of conflict and American involvement continues to increase like we are being sucked into a Black Hole. In 1954 President Eisenhower attempted to quell an enlarging internecine war in Iran by installing the Shah as Head of State and, as we all know, the Ayatollah Khomeini led a revolution from his apartment in Paris forcing the Shah to flee. Since then Iran has been a constant threat to all Western nations via state supported terrorism.

President Trump, after threats from Iran, sent the *USS Abraham Lincoln* and the *USS*

Kearsarge with the 22nd Marine Expeditionary Unit in to the region for drills with FA/18 Super Hornet fighter jets and Marine Corps Harrier jump jets including joint operation, close in air support and in flight refueling the Harriers. Normally fighters and Harriers have different purposes and do not operate jointly.

The President tweeted, "If Iran wants to fight, that will be the official end of Iran. Never threaten the United States again!" The Maritime Administration has sent clear warnings to Iran after they threatened to close the Strait of Hormuz and target commercial vessels, especially oil tankers and US military ships in the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf.

The Navy is debating whether to build new frigates as an alternative to the LCS ships that remain incredibly problematic, however, there is a lot of negative feedback from the fleet. Like the LCS, three different designs have emerged and the political wrangling is at Cat 5 hurricane level. Frigates are small, cramped, horribly unsteady underway, extraordinarily vulnerable and were originally rejected because of "all the above."

Many see this as an attempt to develop a "cheap" ship that can attain the 355 fleet level demanded by the Administration. Others see the Frigate as another fiasco like the LCS. Many would prefer eliminating the "tin boat" concept and building more DDG (destroyers). Some true believers continue to tout the LCS and maintain that the Navy should fix all the problems the two versions of the LCS class. And the fight has just begun.

Merchant Fleet

The government of Togo announced that its forces thwarted a ship hijacking and captured eight armed pirates in the Gulf of Guinea. The *Djetna I* was anchored at the Port of Lome when the pirates took the ship and took the crew hostages. When owners could not communicate with their ship, they alerted authorities who immediately launched a successful raid capturing pirates that included two Togolese and six Nigerians.

The Nerpa Shipyard in Murmansk is offloading the nuclear reactor from *Artika*, one of Russia's top icebreakers. They recently deactivated her sister ship, the *Sibir*. The Russian's replaced both icebreakers with bigger and better ships that will bear the same names as their predecessors.

Vladimir Putin has demanded, in an increase to 80 million tons of shipping through the Arctic waterways, a four fold increase. American Secretary of State, Michael Pompeo, called such actions "illegal." At a meeting of the Arctic Council in Helsinki, Finland, Pompeo noted that Russia has openly desired to colonize the Arctic Ocean. Since 1977 the then Soviet Union has prowled the region and was the first to reach the North Pole by surface ship. Their icebreakers are generations ahead of anyone else's.

The *Evergreen Triton* is the largest ship to transit the Panama Canal. Not only was it the largest ship at 1200' long with a beam of 168', it was the largest capacity vessel to make the Pacific to Atlantic passage. Over 600 Neopanamax containerships have made the journey since the redesign of the canal.

Sea News

Two hundred and sixteen migrants in a pair of overcrowded dinghies were rescued by Maltese military in the Mediterranean as they attempted to leave Africa. The exact nationality of the refugees was unknown but

they included several children and one very pregnant woman. Because of good weather, calm seas and prevailing currents, the number of migrant boats has increased over the last couple of weeks. Usually the people come from Libya, Tunisia and Algeria. Maltese military have rescued several leaky dinghies just off shore from Tripoli.

Duke University scientists released a study indicating that the huge losses of marsh grasses have the potential of doubling the erosion of shoreline due to intensive damage instigated by oil drilling. Spills, accidents and oily discharge have dramatically upsurged plant destruction since 2010. Oil companies blame Hurricane Katrina, but the Duke study clearly refutes that claim. In their three year study they claim that oily deposits killed the root structures and that alone doubled soil loss.

Meanwhile, The Gulf of Mexico Research Institute has reported a continuing problem to the ecology in the Gulf due to the colossal spill from the *Deepwater Horizon* nine years ago. In a \$500 million study, their scientists cited a massive decline in salt marsh invertebrates, fish and wildlife. Two plants, the black needlerush and the smooth cordgrass, the two most prominent plants in these marshes, have declined. Worse, their decimation is linked to the loss of single celled organisms that are essential to the overall biology systems of the region.

Recovery is a painstakingly slow process. Attempts to replant the region have slowly progressed but the oil residue in the soils and mud have killed off worms, snails and other species necessary for recovery. Mother Nature exists in homeostasis where everything is balanced. When something upsets that stability, it is very hard to make rapid changes. Humanity is the primary problem with biological balance. It will take many, many decades to restore the Gulf.

Ten percent of all the oxygen created on earth comes from *Prochlorococcus*, the most abundant photosynthetic bacteria in the ocean. In "Communications Biology," Dr Sasha Tetu's study indicates that chemicals leaching from plastics is killing off this bacteria at an alarming rate.

Plastic pollution currently costs over \$13 billion in economic damages. Tetu's team did a global study on chemical seeping from plastics not only eradicate the *Prochlorococcus*, it also modifies its genetics. Since this bacterium is essential for oxygen generation, loss or decline in numbers is worrisome. Well, only if you want humans around in a hundred years or so.



Messing About in Boats, August 2019 – 27



A Century Later

Constructing a New Essex Clamming Skiff

By Greg Cook @aestheticresearch



On a recent damp morning four students from the Northshore Education Consortium's Topsfield Vocational Academy were busy helping construct an Essex clamming skiff at the Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum. It was probably the first time anyone had built one of these vessels in about a century.

"This boat is a replica of the boat hanging on the wall. That one was lent to us by Essex shipbuilder Harold Burnham," says Christopher Stepler, Operations Administrator for the museum. The skiff had been hanging up in Burnham's barn, having been in his family since new. "It belonged to his great aunt. We believe it was built in the 1920s. It's the last known example of an Essex clamming skiff. A lot of these boats only had to last a few years. Then you could throw it away and start all over again."

Essex clamming skiffs were icons of the town. You might call them symbols of its clamming soul. Historically they were ubiquitous knockabout utility boats. They were designed so a single person could row it out to the Essex clam flats. It would sit in the mud as the tide went out and they dug clams. Then they'd use the skiff to haul their catch back in. The skiff was light enough for one person to drag it back up the beach when they returned. "If you start looking at old waterfront photographs in the area, you'll see small boats like this," says Jeff Lane, a boat builder and instructor at the museum.

The skiff building is part of the museum's "By Skiff and Basket" project, funded by a grant from the Essex County Community Foundation's Creative County Initiative. Supported by Boston's Barr Foundation, the initiative aims to mobilize North Shore artists, arts organizations and community and business leaders to enhance life in Essex County.

Students launched and rowed the skiff on May 31 on the high tide around 10am. The museum is offering public workshops teaching how to create traditional Essex clam baskets, two remain on September 8 and 15. And the skiff is now featured in an exhibition

about the history of Essex clamming technology that debuted June 8.

"This is what people have been building here for like ever," Topsfield Vocational Academy student James Desmond of Rockport says. "It will be cool to see it all come together."

"We're still carrying on these historical methods," Susannah Winder, Education and Group Program Coordinator for the museum, says, "but using them today."

Those Skills Are Still Attainable

The Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum's shipyard sits off Main Street in Essex, right on the bank of the Essex River. Here the Story family built boats from 1813 to the end of World War II. The society bought the property in 1993 and has maintained it as a working facility for building, repairing and launching vessels.

A couple of years or so ago, about half-way down the shipyard, one of the buildings sprouted a workshop, a sort of tent of plastic shrink wrap stretched over a frame of wood and PVC pipes. "It's crude and unattractive to look at, but cheap and effective," Lane says.

The workshop smells of turpentine and smoke from the wood stove in the corner which has kept the space heated over the winter. In the middle of the dirt floor stands a low platform upon which a revolving crew of about ten Topsfield Vocational Academy students have been constructing the Essex clamming skiff since last fall.

"It's getting the kids to buy into something and follow through and complete a project," says Mark Webster, a woodshop instructor at the vocational school alternative education program which serves middle and high school students from ten public school districts across the area.

At the school woodshop in Topsfield they build beds, bureaus, armoires, tables and doghouses for homes, police departments and fire departments. (If the school opts to take a project on, they only charge for the materials.) The school also offers training in automotive, veterinary, metal shop and childcare work. And they've got a full culinary arts program. Webster says, "Our goal is to get them a diploma, get them some experience, get them a job reference and get them on their way."

This is the third year the academy has partnered with the museum. Previously Webster brought students to help build a Grand Banks dory for Gloucester's Schooner *Adventure* and helped maintain the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Schooner *Lewis H. Story*.

"In the woodshop you're making furniture," student James Desmond says. "But this is something you can use, ride."

"It's not just building a boat," Webster says. "It's teaching them some more work ethics." They put math to practical use. "We learn about the history of boat building and how people lived back in the day and what was involved."

"The old ways, like the clinch nails," Topsfield Vocational Academy student Justin Barnes of Lawrence says. "They're nails here that they bend up to hold a piece of wood."

"It's a great project for these guys to work on because it's simple enough to grasp but it's complex enough that it's challenging. It's almost entirely hand tool work. Which is great experience. But it also ties it into the history of it," Lane says. "I really feel they get a better idea of how things were built in the past."

Those skills are still attainable. Those skills are still here. We're not that removed from the knowledge of those skills."

Keep This Boat Honest

Historically Essex clamming skiffs were constructed in small boatyards throughout Essex and up and down the coast. The students and adults began constructing their replica by studying Burnham's old skiff. Via a process known as "lofting," Lane says, "these guys took the lines off of that boat, which is recording its measurements and its shape. Then they drew it out full size on the bench over here."

Students made patterns of the frames, or interior ribs, then went looking for those shapes in living oak trees around town that folks allowed them to harvest. "If you look closely you can see the frame follows the curve. That's where the trunk branched out into a limb," Lane says. "They are two pieces, which was typical of that type of construction in that time period. You have to join them somehow because trees don't grow in U shapes."

The side planking and bottom are pine from "local tree companies when they have to take them out of people's yards," Lane says. "Almost all the wood was milled right here on site or adjacent to our site." They've built the skiff from the stem of locust wood that forms the bow to the transom that forms the back wall.

The in progress skiff sat on a building bed with the vessel held in place by 2x4 props pressing down from ceiling beams. "You bend the rocker into the boat. The rocker is the curve in the bottom of the boat. So the building bed has pins in it that hold the bow and stern up. That's where the props come in, to hold the middle shape of the curve, the rocker," Lane says. With a curved bottom, the skiffs "row nicer. It makes for a better boat. You want the ends of the boat out of the water, or almost out of the water. Because if you're dragging the stern through the water that stern causes a lot of drag. You need some depth just to carry some weight, but you want the ends out of the water as much as you can."

"Then on to your planking," Lane says. "There are three planks on each side of this particular boat. They overlap. It's called lapstrake. There's a bevel cut into the top of the preceding plank. Then you have to match that bevel to the next plank."

"We plane the top of it to make it at an angle," Topsfield Vocational Academy student James Desmond explains. "Then we overlap the two pieces. Then we use the clinch nails to connect the two."

Compared to carvel planking, in which a hull is composed of planks that abut each

other with cotton pressed between to seal the seams, lapstrake construction saves in planks and framing and creates "a skin that has some structure of its own," Lane says. "These boats were built like this because it was faster and more efficient."

The planks are fastened together with clinch nails, sometimes spelled clenched nails. Lane says, "We have bronze ring nails, which come from real factories, but these copper clinch nails come from Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. They're still running antique nail machines. They start with a sheet of copper and can bang these out."

Clinch nails "get folded over on the inside, so they're almost like a staple. That way it has excellent holding power," Lane says. "The two planks you're fastening are very thin. There's not a lot of wood there to grab. By folding it over and fastening it on the inside, you're making a much stronger joint."

As April came to a close, the students were working on the skiff's risers which hold up the seat. They had only to construct the seat, a false stem for the bow, a kind of mini keel called a skeg, and some stiffening braces called quarter knees and the breast hook.

Along with the skiff project, beginning May 19, the Shipbuilding Museum offered public workshops on how to construct clamming baskets of the early 20th century based on instructions from Maine craftsman Billy Ray Sims. They're built from galvanized wire with white oak splits woven through the top. (Today clambers tend to use plastic grocery hand baskets and then empty the clams into a mesh bag like an onion sack.)

"We don't know when the last Essex clam basket was made," Stepler says. "They were in use until something better came along. It is a transition that has no firm date. Just like when they started putting outboard motors on the skiffs and moved to aluminum, it has no firm date."

This summer the museum plans to have Ian MacDougall "row down the river using the boat and baskets and dig a tide of clams and come back on the rising tide," Stepler says. "It will be the first trip using one of these boats and the baskets together for decades. It's a symbolic connection of the past and the present. It's a way to keep this boat and these baskets honest. If we didn't get the boat disgusting and muddy and full of clams, I wouldn't feel as good about it. It's just that little bit of historic integrity. If you build a beautiful working boat and then you don't work with it, as a museum dedicated to preserving the history of Essex and the shipyards and the industry that worked here, it doesn't feel complete."



(Arts writer Greg Cook is documenting many of Essex County Community Foundation's Creative County Initiative Public Arts Projects. Check back for more coverage of the amazing projects connecting people and communities across Essex County.)



Sharptown Barges

Two days after the Topsfield Vocational Academy students launched their year long carefully crafted 13' Clam Skiff, 40 Middle Schoolers from Gloucester arrived to bang together two more 20' Sharptown barges in a three day blowout ending their school year. Over two days three teams of students assembled the precut parts, carved oars and practiced rowing in the already existing fleet of four built in the prior two years. Hard to tell if boat building will stick with any of them but it sure beat classroom time.

Unlike the Clam Skiff project, this boat building was light on skills training and strong on group efforts at achieving a goal. It was, in effect, an assembly operation with nearly instant gratification the prospect. The Sharptown Barge was, in effect, a kit, with all the parts precut (by Museum volunteers), the building jig ready.

For the third year they were successful and two ready to row Sharptown Barges sat on the venerable old launching ramp on Friday morning awaiting arrival of the busload of builders from Gloucester. They made short work of launching and heading downriver on their first "cruise" in the boats they had built their very own selves. Ace photographer Harvey caught their reaction to their achievement in the larger (old timey) photo below!





The Waterline Center

This is the education hub for visiting school and bus groups. Equipped with historical artifacts, tools, displays and machinery exhibits, this large, multi function room is also used for meetings, lectures, and concerts.



The Essex Historical Society & Shipbuilding Museum

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum tells the extraordinary story of a small New England village that built more two masted wooden fishing schooners than any other place in the world. The Historical Society began in 1937, committed to collecting and preserving the unique history of the Village of Essex. The Museum was established in 1976 as part of the town's observation of the American Revolutionary Bicentennial. The Museum maintains one of the best maritime collections in the region.

Located in the heart of Essex, Massachusetts, on the site of the historic A.D. Story Shipyard at 66 Main St, and at our schoolhouse at 28 Main St, the Museum is adjacent to an acre of land set aside in 1668 "for a yard to build vessels and employing workmen for this end," and is integral to the town's historic character, scenic vista and central river basin. Features include antique shipbuilding tools, photographs, documents, exhibits portraying the shipbuilding industry and the schooner *Evelina M. Goulart*. The *Lewis H. Story*, flagship of the Museum, was built on the site in 1998 and is often seen at the Museum or at nautical events throughout New England. Tours include video presentations and hands on activities.



The *Evelina M. Goulart*

Built in the shipyard in 1927 and used until the 1980s for swordfishing and later as a fishing dragger, the museum acquired the *Evelina M. Goulart* in 1990. She is one of only seven historic Essex built schooners that survive. Her construction and history tell a symbolic story of the shipbuilding industry.



The Shipyard

In 1993 the society purchased a section of riverfront where shipbuilding flourished for over 300 years. This historic site is where the Story family operated its shipyards from 1813 to the end of World War II. The yard is still active and showcases machines, tools, materials and boats.

The Orientation Center

This former Story residence contains a diorama of the Story shipyard, admissions, video theater, gift shop, and Museum offices.



During the American Revolution, the British nearly destroyed the New England fishing fleet. Since capital was lacking to build replacement schooners, a low cost, quickly built vessel was needed. A little two masted boat, then popular for the inshore fishery, seemed to fit the bill. Because it was developed in Essex which was then a parish of Ipswich called "Chebacco," the vessel was known as a "Chebacco Boat" if pink sterned (pointed) and "Chebacco Dogbody" if square sterned (the origin of the term "Dogbody" is not known).

Chebacco Boats were built by the hundreds, not only in Essex but in other coastal towns as well. Typically they measured between 22 and 30 tons and averaged from 24' to 48' in length, had two masts and no bowsprit. They were usually flush deck vessels with several cockpits or "standing rooms" in which the fishermen stood to fish. A middle hatch gave access to the fish hold.

Local Essex tradition has it that the first Chebacco Boat was built in the attic of a house. This is likely more legend than fact. However, Chebaccos were almost always built near the dwelling of the builder and sometimes no more than a few yards from the front door. When finished, the boats were loaded onto pairs of wooden wheels and hauled to the launch site by teams of oxen. Boat hauling went out of favor about the year 1835. Thereafter, all Essex vessels were built on the river's edge.

"There are Chebacco boats building for the Bay Fishery not only at every landing place, but in the yards of farmers some distance from the shore" (1817, the Reverend William Bentley, of Salem).

In 1998 the Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum commissioned Essex builder Harold Burnham to construct a Chebacco to serve as the museum's flagship. She measures 30' on deck and her hull, deck arrangement and rig are typical of post-Revolutionary War inshore fishermen. The *Story* is named in honor of Essex shipwright, carver, designer, modeler, researcher and the town's foremost maritime historian, Lewis H. Story, 1873-1948. All contemporary studies of Essex history and the design of the American fishing schooner are based on his life long study and scholarship.

After Harold built the *Thomas E. Lannon*, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum wanted a vessel of their own. Delving deep into historical recourses, Burnham used volunteer help and donated materials to create this 10 ton representation of a period Chebacco boat. The *Story* now represents Essex at maritime events all along the coast.

The Chebacco Boat *Lewis H. Story*



Lewis H. Story

Type: Schooner

Design: Chebacco

Rig: Gaff

Powered by: 3 cyl 27hp

Hull Construction: Carvel

Designed by Harold Burnham in Essex, MA

Built by Harold Burnham in Essex, MA

Built: 1998

Length: 32 - Beam: 10' - Draft: 4'6"

Owner: Essex Shipbuilding Museum,
Essex, MA

Home Port: Essex, MA



Coming Attraction!

In 1989 Fred Littleton of Martha's Vineyard launched his home built 18' "model" of the *Effie H. Morrissey*, the famous Essex built schooner that made 20 trips to the arctic, one to within 600 miles of the North Pole, skippered by Captain Bob Bartlett. She is currently designated by the United States Department of the Interior as a National Historic Landmark as part of the New Bedford Whaling National Historical Park. She is the State Ship of Massachusetts, now in the final stages of a complete historically accurate restoration.

Fred went on her last trip to the arctic at age 15 in 1940 as one of "Bartlett's Boys," youth that Bartlett took on most of his trips. We were at the launching of his "model" and reported on the occasion in the June 15, 1989 issue. *Morrissey Jr.* can be sailed as a day sailer, which Fred did for a number of years out of Menemsha. After his death in 2010, the *Morrissey Jr.* found its way to the Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, adjacent to where the original was built in 1894 at the James & Tarr yard.



The *Evelina M. Goulart*

Built in the A.D. Story shipyard in 1927 and used until the 1980s for swordfishing and later as a fishing dragger, the museum acquired the *Evelina M. Goulart* in 1990. She is one of only seven historic Essex built schooners that survive and the only example of a transitional dragger. Her intact construction and history tell a symbolic story of the shipbuilding industry. She has now been on exhibit at The Essex Shipbuilding Museum for longer than most of her sisters survived at sea. The *Evelina M. Goulart* fished out of Gloucester and New Bedford from 1927 until about 1985 when she was damaged by Hurricane Gloria, limped back to Fairhaven Harbor and eventually sank at her dock. The Essex Shipbuilding Museum accepted the vessel as a gift from Captain Bob Douglas, who had raised the boat from the bottom and had it towed back to Essex in 1990.



Evelina today, roofed over outdoors.



Painting by Alvaro Acóres

Built by: Arthur D. Story
 Designed by: Jacob Story IV
 Launched: June 29, 1927
 Vessel Type: Transitional Fishing Schooner
 Dimensions: 83.70' (LWL) x 21.20' x 10.20'
 Gross Tons: 82 Net Tons: 56
 Construction Materials: Wood
 • White oak frames and planking
 • White pine deck and deck furniture
 Fastenings: Locust trunnels, galvanized spikes and bolts
 Years Active: 1927 - 1985
 Carrying Capacity: about 130,000 lbs.
 Types of Fishing:
 • Harpoon swordfishing
 • Eastern-rig dragging (otter trawl)
 Size of Crew: 11 - 14 Swordfishing, 9 - 10 Draggling
 Target Species:
 • Atlantic Swordfish (summers 1927 - approx. 1950)
 • Groundfish (mainly Haddock and Cod)
 • Ocean Perch, Scup and Fluke



Bringing *Evelina* Home in 1990



Above from the top: Final lineup for the successful haulout in December. Don Fryklund's backhoe backing up John Coughlin's winch truck. Museum Director Diana Stockton talks with Curator Jim Witham about what Jim will have to do with this huge artifact. Final hookup for the haulout, at left Bob Reed of Marblehead Marine, who acted as clerk of the works, at right John Coughlin of Metropolitan Building Movers, and back to camera, Brian Duffy, who engineered the railway construction. Coming ashore at last, "*Evelina M. Goulart*" is home.



The Shipyard

It's not tidy, it's cluttered with sheds and outbuildings, old boats, machinery, stacked lumber. Take a look at these photos. It's a place where things are being worked on, indeed a "working shipyard." No big builds right now but several private fixer uppers catch the eye.

Friend Capt Gnat is working on his newly acquired Fenwick Williams catboat this spring. He often skippers the *Lewis H. Story* on Museum voyages to maritime events (once to Newport, Rhode Island, to the WoodenBoat Show and back across Massachusetts Bay). Visitors often chat him up, he finds that, "people just love this place, it's total lack of pretentiousness..." So much "old stuff" to see.



The Creek

The Creek is a short tidal inlet serving not only as a boundary between the Museum and Harold Burnham's Shipyard, but also as a sort of come and go (with the 8'-10' tides) dry-dock for both abutters. In Harvey Petersiel's aerial (drone) photo at right, from top down we see the derelict hull of *Maine*, two Friendship sloops built by Harold's father Charlie, the Viking ship *Polaris* (at left) and the Museum's *Lewis H. Story* at right.



A practice run of setting the boat up as we would be doing at the lake revealed a list of 16 items, some large, some small, that needed to be completed before going to that first splash. I've been knocking these items off the list one by one:

The old rusty and damaged tooth winch was removed and replaced with a new strap winch from Harbor Freight (\$19.99 on sale).

The bow eye, which had come loose due to the holding nut and washer pulling through the foam, required some special tools to be made since the inside holding nut was out of reach from the hatch. A deep socket with a couple of extensions was able to remove the nut and washer, a short piece of wood made into a much larger "washer" was installed over the threaded end of the eye bolt using a length of $\frac{1}{2}$ " dowel fitted into a second hole in the piece of wood so the dowel could be removed after the nut was reinstalled using a short length of $\frac{1}{2}$ " PVC pipe which was heated and formed around the nut to get it started on the bolt. The PVC could then be pulled loose and the final tightening done with the aforementioned wrench device. That seemed to do the job but time will only tell how it holds up in service.



The canvas covered hull did not slide well over the carpet covered 2"x4" trailer supports so the carpet was covered with multiple layers of heavy gauge vinyl sheet to make them more slippery. This required lifting and propping up one end of the boat at a time and working in positions that my old bones would rather avoid.

Trifoam 16 Build

Part Five

By Jim Brown

The mainsheet traveler was replaced with heavier line and several smaller tasks were completed that same day. A few tasks remain. Carole will sew up a sail cover suitable for transportation, mounts will be installed for auxiliary power (a kayak paddle), anchor and dock lines will be rigged and an inspection by the Tennessee Wildlife Resource Authority needs to be scheduled so I can register the boat as required by Tennessee for all sailboats.

One shortcoming of foam boats is that things cannot just be easily attached just anywhere as there are limited places where wood is available to screw into. Some 2"x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " oak pads were made to attach the rubber kayak paddle holders to the port gunwale where there was $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $\frac{3}{4}$ " pine wood under the joint between the hull sides and the gunwale foam (part of the wood support framework to distribute the mast loads described back in Part One). The oak pads were screwed to the pine and the rubber paddle mounts were screwed to the pads. I'll put a leash on that paddle so it doesn't disappear along the road or into the deep.



In Tennessee, human powered boats don't need to be registered but sailboats and motorboats of any size must be. For homebuilt boats this turns out to be more of an exercise than one would imagine. The first step is to take all our receipts for materials plus a photo of the transom to the Monroe County Clerk in nearby Madisonville (fortunately I had all the receipts plus a spreadsheet listing all the expenses). The County Clerk lady had to make a copy of every receipt and picture ("to get the info into the system"), and then check each receipt to make sure sales tax had

been paid on each item. It was determined that I had not paid sales tax on such things as the boat trailer (bought on craigslist), the sail, some items from Duckworks, etc, so I owed \$42.35 in sales taxes.

This stuff was all sent off electronically to Nashville where someone will verify that all taxes have been paid and will notify TWRA (Tennessee Wildlife Resource Authority) to schedule an inspection by a Wildlife Officer and, if the boat meets whatever standards, a HIN plate (actually a sticker) will be affixed. Meanwhile I have sent a check off to TWRA for \$35 for a three year registration. However, I did also get a "temporary permit" to use the boat while all this is going on.

I must say that the lady at the County Clerk's office was very pleasant (as are most folks here in Tennessee). Boat trailers are not required to be registered or licensed in Tennessee, we just have to pay the sales tax (if we make the mistake of including that in our list of boat building expenses). There are no annual "personal property taxes" in Tennessee as well as no state income taxes (except on certain kinds of investments), so I have no complaints. It's a great place to live with boating water within 20 to 30 miles north, south, east or west.

Meanwhile, I decided that certain completed tasks could be modified to function better. So the kayak paddle mounting pads were relocated slightly so they did not protrude higher than the gunwale level.

When I received my official boat registration it just so happened that I already had on hand a partial 3" self adhesive black vinyl number set which amazingly had all the numbers/letters needed for this boat.



Ooops! When I came out the next morning I found the number "2" on the floor. It seems the self adhesive doesn't stick very well to the rough canvas surface, so I got a spray can of Helmsman Clear Satin Polyurethane, masked off around the numbers and sprayed on several light coats, with some trepidation, as I wasn't sure what the polyurethane spray would do to the vinyl numbers, the TWRA decal or the latex paint background.

Well, that didn't work too well! The edges of some of the numbers curled up a little and when I tried to stick the edges back down the poly sides of the numbers were

stickier than the adhesive side and they just came off. So on to Plan B, I removed the numbers (the TWRA decal was OK) and gave the entire area several coats of polyurethane, thinking the numbers would stick better to that coating tomorrow when it cured.

Plan B seems to have worked, except that the old used numbers wouldn't stick well. New unused numbers stuck fine but I was short two digits on each side so it was back to Walmart for another set. So far, so good. At least I didn't (yet) have to go to Plan C, which would have been stencils and black paint (also from Walmart). Now we just need that Hull Identification Number (HIN) from the TWRA. I can legally use the boat without the HIN, however.

Got hit with a bad gout attack but did complete a couple of minor jobs like painting the pink foam where the sliding aka mounts were modified and also making a paddle leash for the "auxiliary power" and installing a plastic cleat inside the port gunwale to tie it off. Small stuff, but it keeps the interest up while waiting for the big SPLASH!

Carole was busy stitching up a sail cover from the gray ripstop nylon I bought at Joann Fabrics with my usual discounts. However, not understanding how a seamstress would undertake such a project, I bought about twice as much fabric as was needed. She married into a family chock full of engineers (myself, all three of my kids plus a son-in-law), so she calls herself a "domestic engineer" and she is very good at it.



Son Tom (age 51) is coming down from York, Pennsylvania, for a visit. Perhaps we will see the first launch while he is here to help. A major question is whether I have built

a boat which may be too difficult for Carole and I to launch by ourselves. The only really difficult part is raising the 17' mast with the sail furled around it. It's not real heavy but bunglesome to handle in the narrow confines of the narrow main hull. We shall see...

We hadn't seen rain here in two weeks, but shortly after Tom arrived it started raining and it rained much of the time he was here. However, on D-Day Minus One (June 5), we decided to try to launch. It was gray and overcast but we towed Trifoam the 16 or 20 miles up to the Notchy Creek ramp on Tellico Lake. Wind was very light and spotty.

Rigging went slowly as I had to remember my test rigging from several weeks earlier. Launching this 10' wide device required some experimentation as it was impossible to board from the dock. I climbed into the rear seat before launch and Tom pushed us off before ducking under the akas and rolling over the gunwale. Carole was busy recording the event for posterity on her cell phone camera.



We glided along in the 1-2 knot patchy breeze. She seemed to float on her lines but couldn't get up enough speed to tell much about the handling or test her ability to sail upwind. The draft on the main hull appeared to be less than the 3" rocker built into the hull. Our net progress was downwind so Tom broke out the auxiliary power (kayak paddle) from the outside of the port gunwale and we headed back upwind to the ramp as we felt a few raindrops fall. Back at the ramp we reversed the previous drill and got the boat back aboard its trailer.

As we took down the mast and rolled the sprit boom up with the sail, the rain started in earnest. Just as we got her lashed

down to the trailer the sky opened up and it rained so hard we couldn't see more than 50' ahead, lightning was flashing and thunder



was crashing. There was plenty of wind as we headed toward Bojangles for some fried chicken with our spirits (and everything else) thoroughly dampened! I now had another list of several things that needed to be improved, but nothing major, no more than an hour's work (since done).



I feel comfortable in saying that the design has been successful in meeting its original objectives. I love the boat and am sure we would enjoy sailing her. However, I must also admit that we have built a boat that Carole and I, at ages 80 and 85, will be unable to launch and retrieve by ourselves. In fact, I must also realize that time and circumstances have caught up with us both and our sailing and paddling days are behind us. Such are the realities of life.

So I must reluctantly offer three of our four boats for sale: The Trifoam 16, with a serviceable trailer, the Sawfish 12 foam kayak and the Dave Gentry skin-on-frame Chuckanut 15 kayak. The Gheenoe 15-4 Highsider, with its 5hp Mercury four stroke, will be our sole remaining lake cruiser.

I can be reached by email at whitedove0215@yahoo.com. The boats are located in Sweetwater, Tennessee, about 25 miles below Knoxville along I-75.

Boating has been my blood ever since childhood when storm surges would break loose all manner of wooden skiffs on Biloxi Bay and we kids would search the marshes for a boat we could captain for a few days until the rightful owner claimed it. Since getting on the right side of the law, a succession of small, easy to care for boats, mostly aluminum skiffs or canoes, have filled the bill. Later I wanted to access the barrier islands 10 to 12 miles offshore. I required something more seaworthy. So a succession of old, modified fiberglass hulls and even a Carolina Dory Skiff with an engine well were tried, none really giving me the combination of ease of care, low operational costs and sea keeping that could get me across Mississippi Sound to the barrier islands.

Then I stumbled across Renn Tolman's book, *Tolman Alaskan Skiffs*. This is a complete guide for building three different plywood hulls using the stitch-and-glue method. The designs are primarily for salmon net fishing, wide (82" at the gunnels), lightweight, vee bottomed skiffs that could be powered by moderate sized motors and big enough to get net and catch home in a big chop. Tolman's unique construction techniques make the boat stiff and strong. It could be built on a jig, bottom up, in the garage, then flipped for completion. This hit the mark for me.



Before diving into this project, I took on a less expensive learning task to hone the processes of stitch-and-glue and to see if I thought it was strong enough. Pygmy Boats offered plans for various kayaks and I chose the Standard Goldeneye. Sure enough, the joints proved to be very strong. Tolman suggested this test, put two small pieces of plywood together in a shallow angle using his fillet and tape schedule. After setup, put the thing in the driveway and roll over it with your car. The wood breaks before the joint.



Now somewhat ready, I launched into constructing the 18' version, starting with what I thought would be the most difficult tasks, shaping the stem and cutting the varying angled gunnels. Job by job I developed enough confidence to go ahead and purchase the most expensive materials for the boat, epoxy, glass and plywood.

Building the *Mary Elizabeth*

By



No turning back now. Fortunately Tolman gives detailed instruction on every step of the process including plywood scarfs, lofting and fiberglassing. When completed, nearly 100% of the boat is encapsulated in epoxy and glass, an aspect that sold me on the boat because it will result in much longer life. Also, Tolman advocated using fasteners as little as possible. Screws and nails offer opportunities for water to get into the wood causing rot. Any place a screw is absolutely needed, he called for screwing it in, removing it to be buttered up with a good urethane caulk, then putting it back in.



Another example of sealing out water was eliminating a steel eye fitting in the bow which takes lots of stress from trailering or towing. The eye could wiggle to let water/rot in on an important structural piece, the stem. The alternative was to drill a hole sideways through the bow and stem, seal the edges well with epoxy and chopped glass, then put a loop of high strength yacht braid through to accept a trailer winch hook. This has worked very satisfactorily on my boat.



The finished hull without extras like a cabin, flooring or center console weighs only about 680lbs so that only moderate horsepower is needed for good performance. A minimalist, I liked the idea of just a bare hull with a tiller steered motor and eliminating flooring simplifies maintenance. My 30hp Tohatsu four stroke came with pull start, the only outboard offering fuel injection that didn't require a battery. Turns out the 30 pushes the skiff faster than I was comfortable with and was lightweight enough to be kind to the transom. No steering or control cables meant fewer things to go wrong at sea.



Working mostly at night, the build took almost a year. True to promise, the boat has required a minimum of maintenance and few repairs. Topside urethane paint keeps it shiny and protects the epoxy from UV. The only serious repair was caused by, you guessed it, the fasteners holding on the spray rails. Water intrusion into one of the sides caused some rot which had to be fixed with a Dutchman repair. After that the spray rails (with their fasteners) were removed. No big thing since I have become a fair weather boatman, I don't get out in heavy seas too much anymore. Unless I'm hauling people and gear out to the islands for camping, a round trip of about 20 miles she uses less than three gallons. Not bad.



On a trip to Sicily (not in the *M.E.*) where my forebears are from, I noticed eyes on the bows of many working boats harbored there. A little research turned up Egypt as the source of this tradition with the "Eye of Horus" being the most common. One source said that each eye has a function. One is for navigation and will get you home safely and the other is to watch for sea monsters, also for safety.



The *M.E.* is six years old now and I am looking forward to another six.

From the Beechwoods Shop by Bruce Bidwell



About the BYC

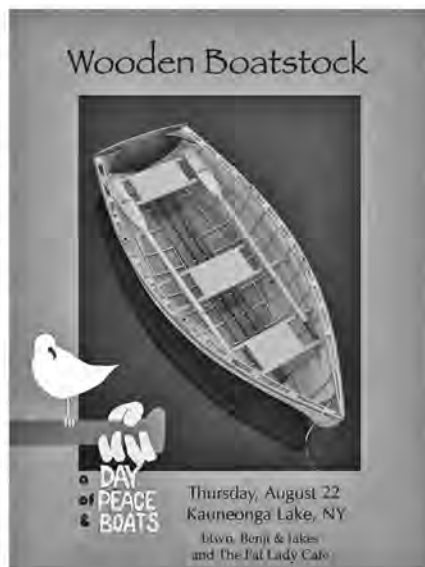
Launched under the moto: "Bring us your tired wherry," the Beechwoods Yacht Club is essentially a small group of guys who get together to play with boats. Zeke's timber framed barn houses a wood shop and serves as HQ where there is always a project or two. It bespeaks his construction skill and knowledge of things built centuries ago. The irony is not lost that our clubhouse lies well inland of popular cruising grounds, but no matter. It's all about the joy of working on wooden boats, engaging in lively repartee and being on the water together. Of course there's the IPA or two after the sharp tools have been put away.

Currently we are rebuilding a 1958 Thompson Sea Coaster, having steam bent new oak frames and replaced its lapstrake bottom. In the loft, a shapely 15' daysailer awaits refurbishing while a 1920's Old Town hangs from the rafters waiting to test our re-canvassing skills. Joe finished work on a CLC dory he started last summer and has been honing his tandem rowing skills with wife Elise. Then there's the yearly maintenance on boats already in service. Some things just go better with many hands. Last year the whole crew including spouses traveled up to the St. Lawrence to freshen up my 1936 cruiser. Also in the works is a J.H. Rushton rowing skiff from 1900 seeing a complete restoration.



Woodstock 50

This will be the third running of *Wooden Boatstock* to coincide as always with the anniversary of the Woodstock Festival, originally held 1969 in Bethel, NY - which coincidentally is where this little show takes place! The saying goes, "If you can remember Woodstock, you probably weren't there." Present or not, young and old will be celebrating on this, its fifty year anniversary. Things will definitely be groovin' around here by August. At Boatstock there will be dock and lawn space between two popular lakeside restaurants who offer boat show specials like \$5 margaritas and fish tacos. Also, a wood (boat) fired pizza using offcuts from our projects may be in the offing. Come out and see, bring a boat, mess about on White Lake. Be fashionable and wear some tie dye! The date is August 22. Call Joe at 845-887-5640 for details, or visit *WoodenBoatstock* on Facebook.



Last season's boat show also featured wooden boats in the spirit of peace and love. The fleet at dockside included a number of noteworthy craft: Oldest among them was Joe's 1937 Old Town Yankee. This beautifully preserved canoe was recently featured on a promotional print for the Callicoon Art Walk, an event held in that lovely upper Delaware River town. An early restoration project by BYC members was Zeke's 1947 "Cartopper". These were Penn Yan's answer to lightweight transportable skiffs. They had nothing on today's kevlar boats but two stout women could still get one atop a 1950s Chevy. This boat recently did duty in an art installation by international artist Margaret Cogswell. Her multi media piece was inspired by NYC's water supply system. An "Ellen" rowing/sailing skiff built by Bob was at the docks looking sweet. She is a testament to having a keg-erator in your workshop because you attract all sorts of help, wanted or not. Another Penn Yan there was a 1955 Dynamold (early plywood) utility, decked out for a days fishing with period equipment.

So, come join the fun! You'll find a public launch site nearby and docking for small boats. There is also space for land display, too.

a.m.: launch, boat play and setup

p.m.: on-site display, boat chat, demos, food & drink

Peace out dudes. It's *Wooden Boatstock*!



I'll make a few comments about my boat building for those of you who may want to jump in and do one. Some parts are fun and some parts suck and no parts are easy. I know, I've always made it sound like there's nothing to it, the thing just jumps together. I won't even get into traditional building where they don't use grinders and filler and everything has to actually fit together. That stuff is so far above my level of patience that I know I'd never get the first board in place.

The one overriding activity I find myself doing more than anything else is sanding. At the start of this one I made the forms and bent the plywood around to fit. I did a little grinding but it was all pretty good.

I wanted a really strong hull so when I run up on hard things it won't break. So I started glassing, this is really a glass boat with a plywood core. I put one piece of 25oz cloth down the middle of the bottom and sanded the edges smooth the next day. Then I wrapped the same heavy cloth across the boat from gunnel to gunnel with a 12" overlap on each 4' wide piece of cloth to act sort of like frames. Then I had to sand the seams until they were smooth for the next layer.

If you've never sanded fiberglass you're in for some fun. The tiny little glass dust gets all over you and itches (yes, fiberglass is real glass). It doesn't matter what you do, it still gets you. It was still looking pretty good so I put the next layer on, this time the heavy cloth front to back overlapping a foot on the keel.

After this layer was hard the next day and edges sanded, I figured it was time to try to fix the bad places with filler. This brown looking stuff is filler using micro balloons and epoxy. It works pretty good and is easy to sand (easy being a relative term, how long can my arms and back hold out). Notice how pictures really distort some of the shapes.



One layer of filler is never enough, after I sand it I find all of the places I missed. Once I had it pretty good and it was time for the big guns. So far the cloth schedule is the heavy 25oz regular weave with lots of overlaps to make it really strong. For the final layer I used something even stronger, tri axial stitched cloth. It's fiberglass cloth made with three layers of strands, each running in different directions and then stitched together with fiberglass thread.

This layer of cloth ran front to back overlapping on the keel and at the bow. So far the bow has seven layers of this glass cloth and the rest anywhere from three to six layers. Now I had to sand the whole thing and fill and sand and fill and finally roll on a coat of epoxy. So far I've used about ten gallons of epoxy. Now what? As you can see it still doesn't look smooth. It feels smooth so I decided to paint it all white so I could see how much more I had to do.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Lo and behold, it's nice and smooth, thank goodness. I don't know if the boat will end up being white but for now this will do. I decided to roll some bottom paint on while I was at it, more will go on when it's on its trailer but I wanted to see what it looks like. This is the Pettit water based bottom paint, it's fantastic, easier to apply than water. I know, the sheer is wonky, I'll cut it to shape later.



Now it's time to roll her over. This can be a complicated and scary operation. I can lose control and it could fall and crack or fall and squash me. That wasn't a problem with this one. Since it's so strong and overbuilt I just hooked a couple of straps on the strong-back, clipped them to an electric winch up in the rafters and pushed the up button.

I didn't tell the guys I was doing this, they were doing their own things and I'd rather screw up all by myself anyway. You may recall our one and only rule, "don't even think about helping me." If you can't figure

out how to do it by yourself you need to go back to school.

Howard and Wally walked over as the hull was going up and when it got to the top tipping point Howard asked how I was going to keep it from crashing down and I yelled "I'm not," as I ran for my life out the end of the shop. The whole thing came crashing down with lots of crunching sounds as the molds and strong back ripped themselves apart. Steve was down on the beach with Red and heard the loud sound and busted out laughing, he knew exactly what was happening. Wally and I got a big sledgehammer and crowbar and bashed all of the internal structures out. There was no damage to the hull.



This thing looks just like a giant Core Sound, maybe I should put a big sail on it. All of this glassing and grinding and filling and sanding and sanding was a lot of work but I actually like to sand if I can use power tools. All of this from start to finish took me just a week to do. I like to go out to the shop after dinner and work from about 7 to 9 which eliminates a lot of waiting for epoxy to dry if I do it during the day. Now to start the inside. More make it up as I go along.



Here's what she ended up looking like. She stays in the water at the floating dock ready to go at a moment's notice, 21' of fun for the dogs.



In Part XXVII I mentioned that there's "not as much space inside the Airstream as there was in the last camper in which I (mostly) built my last boat, *Talitha Cumi*." Next I mentioned the rebar dome I built a while ago and that I might do something similar this time to at least partially solve the space problem.

But then I started puttering (or should I say "twigging")? I actually have gotten one of those domes up, at least the initial basic version, which is usable already, at least temporarily. But, for one thing, I started remembering how much I like to have any project I'm working on close at hand which is one reason, I guess, why I built *Talitha Cumi* inside the camper in which I was living at the time.

I guess, also, that there just seems to be this dynamic such that, when you start poking around, ideas just sort of seem to start to emerge. I'm not sure whether or not I mentioned that when I brought the pieces of coroplast into the Airstream for the winter, the only way I could see to fit them in there was to suspend them from the ceiling in the foyer. That worked fine for a while, but then when I wanted to start twigging with the aft section to see how to get the bottom to fold for that section like it had for the forward section, there was a problem. One end of the stored coroplast extended down over the back window and thence down onto the work area. That meant that the curved part of the sheets blocked the part of the work area that I needed to use next.

So now what? I thought of moving the coroplast outside, covering it with the tarp that's now covering my bike, putting the bike in the dome. But wait! Had I forgotten that one of the advantages of coroplast is its flexibility? Well, maybe not forgotten exactly because, after all, I'm really not as familiar with all of its capabilities as I hopefully eventually will be. Anyway, I started doing further experimental "poking around."

At one point, I could see that if I just shoved upward on one end of the sheets (there are two of them stored up there) I could raise it up high enough to have enough space to work on the next step in the process. But, of course, then it had to stay put up there. So I grabbed a piece of that 12 gauge wire I have often mentioned before and hooked one end to the overhead bookshelf and the other end to the center of the end of the coroplast sheet and voilà! Well, maybe sort of semi voilà, or at least temporarily. I may have to do some additional twigging but I think I can at least get that next step done.

Here's a shot of the frames for the aft section sitting on the work area (one end is supported on one of those plywood triangles that I mentioned in Part XVII). In case anyone wondered, that thing just outside the window is a tarp covering a couple of bicycles and various miscellaneous objects, sort of (at least temporarily) in lieu of a storage shed.



Dancing Chicken

A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part XXVIII

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Next I was reminded, when I came up with an idea, of a saying I quoted in Part XI, a saying that one of my professors at Houston Community College quoted, "He who is afraid to attempt the absurd will never achieve the impossible." Not, as I asserted in Part XI, that I wish to achieve the impossible. I just want to get *Dancing Chicken* out on the water in such a way that both craft and occupant(s) enjoy a pleasant and relatively uneventful voyage.

One idea is to use, more than one normally would on a craft like this, various new products, such as extra tough types of tape. Of course, there is also the factor that *Dancing Chicken* is a lath/coroplast hybrid which might make what would be inappropriate for other types of structures only logical for her. I've already done this, to some degree, in the process of twigging to find out what will work for joining the two halves.

By the way, before I elaborate further on this idea, there's another characteristic of coroplast which may turn out to be advantageous in ways I hadn't realized earlier in the project. In Part XXII I remarked on how light it is. I guess at the time I was thinking about how positively that would affect the transportation factor. Right now, though, I'm considering the possibility of being able to do all the necessary twigging inside the camper, or at least most of it, or at least lots more of it than I thought I could at first.

Meanwhile, after I moved those sheets of coroplast I could begin that "next step." This next shot may look familiar, in fact, it probably looks almost exactly like that photo of the forward section with the experimental cardboard skin from Parts XX and XXI. However, while it's the same skin, the frames are those of *Dancing Chicken*'s aft section which has just recently been completed to the point where *Dancing Chicken* can try it on, so to speak. I figured that the best way to develop a template for the aft section was to let her "try on" what was originally the skin for the forward section. That way I could see where modifications if any would need to be made for that section, since there are different angles.



There do seem to be minor differences, since it looks like the cardboard skin for the forward section is somewhat shorter than it needs to be for the aft section, but that's OK, since for one thing I haven't cut any coroplast yet.

I also wondered if the aft skin would fold since there's a nice relatively smooth curve on the forward section and the aft sec-

tion just has angles. As it turns out, it does. I will have to do some twigging to hopefully get it to fold more smoothly, but fold it does, which is a big relief (it did fold on the model but somehow I was trepidatious about whether or not it would fold on the full sized one). Here are the preliminary results of the above experiment.



I say "preliminary" because of that lack of smoothness in the fold, but since it's the cardboard skin I can moosh it around and refold it, etc, with impunity. Then when I cut the coroplast I will have the information I have gleaned from the cardboard one to hopefully prevent major "oops" incidents.

Meanwhile, I have been looking around in the foyer and seeing ways to possibly rearrange things to maximize the available space. If I could get everything twigged, assembled, etc inside the camper it would be so nifty. I think it's beginning to look like maybe that will work. We shall see.



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Building Confidence

Jamie and I and *Walkabout* had been home from Oregon for almost 24 hours. The weather forecast wasn't quite as awful as it was likely to get in another couple days. Maybe just a short hop.



Launch at 1500, underway until dusk. Moored overnight, underway at 0700. On the trailer by 0900. Thirty nautical miles, give or take. Speed of advance 5 knots, we had smooth water. And then things got pretty gnarly.



We've got an organized trip up to this particular lake come the first few days of August so we set courses for some of the places we just might be visiting. We hit several resorts, even ordered dinner from this one.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

We went in close and surveyed a few of our "regular" anchorages and we've got a couple of new ones in the mix for this summer's Howl at the Moon Cruise.

At the moment the place is all but deserted. The air is pure, the water is clear and the natives are friendly.



A Stellar Day for Frankentechies

This all started with a discussion a couple of us had over a picnic table 'longside Fern Ridge Reservoir a few days back. This motley gang of savants and world travellers were engaged in a far ranging discussion of the flight characteristics of the P-2V Neptune vs the P-3B Orion. Something about harmonics and catastrophic failures averted by slight offsets. But it got me to thinking.

What if we accepted some drag from a thrust focusing device and compensated for it with a steeper pitch propeller, one with less blade area distributed over a greater number of blades? Further, what if the mysterious thrust focusing device also improved directional stability and enhanced tight radius maneuvering? Would that imply removal of those drag inducing elevators back on the wings?

I remembered stashing a mysterious thrust focusing device on the Someday Shelf. It comes with a pretty interesting history. Long ago and far away we wuz thrashing our way up the coast AGAINST wind, wave and current. We could sail if we didn't mind ending up back to the starting point after tacking back and forth all day. It was a tough go for a small egg beater pushing three or more tons into it. Seems I had a brochure that I had picked up someplace which advertised a mysterious thrust focusing device that was reputed to multiply the output of our measly kicker.

We pulled into Newport Beach and anchored. I rowed the rotomolded dink I was towing in to one of the piers and found a pay phone. I called the number on the brochure, and got The Guy. The World Headquarters for Thrust focusing Devices was a mere 50 California freeway miles from our then anchorage. The Guy agreed to bring us a set of these utopian devices and agreed to wait for payment until we got back to homeport in a week or so.

These mysterious thrust focusing devices came packaged with instructions and sets of 1/4"-20 hex drive machine screws and nylox nuts. There I was bobbing around in

that plastic tub. The drill was to drill four holes rather precisely spaced in the planing plates of our outboard motor, a motor tipped up out of the water and only accessible from a bobbing rowboat. Well, somehow I drilled all the holes and got all the bolts set without dropping either the drill or the hardware. I still can't quite figure that one out. I ran that 8hp Nissan longshaft two stroke on a series of sailboats over the years since.

I never really knew if they helped all that much but they were always on a motor set to stay in one position and not swivel. Steering was always done with the rudder. And that's where the "Aha!" moment came during our discussion on prop tip vortices the other day.

This time it was easy, I just had to drill four holes and bolt 'em on. I also took those heavy drag producing brackets off. Jamie and I were at the launch ramp here at Diamond Puddle before there was even one other truck and trailer in the lot. We had the lake all to ourselves. And it was quite a breakthrough, a grand day for our side.

We've already been through just about the full range of propeller configurations but I think today showed a 50% improvement. Some of that is subjective. Vibration and noise levels at various points inside the cabin but we did hit a new top end for speed and hadn't, apparently, sacrificed lateral stability or even increased yaw rate. Granted, it was flat water and no following sea.



We topped out at 7.2 statute mph on Mr Geepers' screen. Minimal vibration, low noise levels. We made turns, even conventional single screw twists, in our own length, both port and starboard. We backed down in a straight line. 'Longside the pier maneuvering holds some real promise for working in a sidewind. More to follow on that. Bernoulli would approve.

Ain't No Jive

Summer did FINALLY arrive! Today was the day to mark with an "X," the one to start counting from. *Lady Bug* got rigged and launched. Stuff was tangled and twisted from a winter in The Slammer but we've got aux power now. We've got a graciously loaned slip for the season.



Miss Bug never forgets, she even forgives me my rustiness. We've been mates soooooo long. We don't really even need perceivable wind, we just get there. Things are looking up...



Déjà vu All Over Again

It "happened" again. Tonight, just a short hop after dinner. There were a couple of hours of sunlight left with a light breeze from the far end of the lake. Other than a couple of those 'toonboats out doing the slow walk around the pond, *Lady Bug* and I were the only ones out there. Maybe ten tacks had us most of the way to the far end. We came about and started the race with the dying thermal. As the last of the sun heated air arose and the beginning of the evening cooling settled in, we still had about a half knot speed of advance toward home. Not a ripple on the lake's surface. I was sailing by the wafting of a thread I carry on the shrouds as a light air tell tale. We made about a mile toward home by this method.

I put that honkin' big electric trolling motor power head into *Lady Bug's* outboard motor well a couple weeks ago. I only had a single lead acid battery available at the time and that simply an automotive starting battery. Not the best power source for a relatively high amperage motor (I eliminated the rheostat and what I believe to be heat sinks and other ways

to slow the production version down) with a simple fwd off aft control switch. I was saving the battery for when the wind inevitably died away completely. There is no way to recharge while in the slip we are in. So there's a modicum of uncertainty about this endeavor.

After I spent a minute or more deciding if the leaf floating alongside was actually showing any forward motion, I reached for The Switch. "Click." Nuthin'. "Click...click...click..." Still nuthin. *Lady Bug* has a modified high aspect rudder, a lousy sculling foil. Paddling is fairly awkward, sort of through the life lines, while rolling inboard to shove the tiller opposite at the end of each stroke. Sure, I could just tie the tiller off at a bias if I could keep my strokes uniform. The last thousand yards took quite a while. Every now and then I'd give The Switch another opportunity to make me happy. Nuthin'.

Every now and then I've been out in this or that small sailboat when the wind quits and so does the motor. I end up paddling home, or worse. And then after I get the boat tied up and put away, the motor starts.

Just a Short Hop

All day we were out and about, two ol' boys, Lon and I, out on a junket up to Priest Lake and back. Our mission was pretty simple, tow *Walkabout* up to Granite Creek, launch, run up to Elkins for lunch. Return. Shall I say it was a delightful day? Of course, I shall.

It was Saturday, but a workday for Kelly the Canvas Lady. We pulled in and messed with her schedule for a few minutes. Everybody likes Kelly. Everybody likes Lon. And I got to introduce them. Lucky me.

Oh yeah, the boat trip. We had sun and calm and a sudden squall that sent heavy rain and some pretty nasty white caps. And we watched a forest fire start from a lightning strike close to shore. An adventure.



Out and About

"Hey, Phil. I don't think I've seen any other boats out today, except you and me, that is."

Been an interesting couple days. I had gone up to Priest Lake on Saturday. Sunday

morning the "plan" was to drop *Walkabout* into the Pend Oreille River and do a long day of it. Sort of a shakedown voyage to see if boat and crew are ready to head over to the Saltchuck for a 100 mile hop in a couple of weeks. The Mud Hole campground was open, the ramp was not. So we headed over to our regular haunt at Priest River. While I was putting truck and trailer away, what should show up? A cousin of *Walkabout*, same year, just smaller.



We were just getting settled in for a long haul up and then downstream. We'd only run uphill for about an hour with a whole day ahead of us when the forward lookout sighted an intruder.



Then the phone rang, it was Phil. "Hey Dan, I'm headed up to Granite Creek for a few days. Wanna go?"

"Jeez, Phil, I'm out on the river today without any extra clothes or food or any of the stuff we'd need for overnight. What time?"

By the time Phil showed up *Walkabout* had already made a 20 mile circuit of the south end. We really didn't like either the forecast or the prospects for any of the proposed overnight stops. So, as the sun began to disappear behind the mountains, we made our collective way north to Bottle Bay.

I've been going to Bottle Bay since I was ten. A favorite place but if the "normal" southerly begins showing more than a petty-coat of east in it, the whole place becomes a lee shore and there's just about no place else in the neighborhood to run to.

With no constructive alternate conclusions, Bottle Bay it was. We snuggled in and (of course) we had the place all to ourselves. We were the hosting organization for the evening. Phil brought dinner, we provided the venue and entertainment. As the wind dropped and the stars came out we had no idea we'd be holed up in places like Bottle Bay at least three more times over the next day.





I suppose I was still in my cover some ground mode, part of the shakedown for the upcoming Salish-100. We did, in fact, run about 30 miles in not a very long time. Furthermore, we managed to get in some rough water testing, quite a bit of it. Not what Phil had hauled *Blue Monty* the hundred miles from his house in The Big City for.



We'd already been to the top of the lake at Lion's Head, nobody there, and decided to make a break for it when it began to look like the wind was up and mean and going to stay that way.

We thrashed our way across to one and then another marginal anchorage. As we got ready to round the last promontory that could provide any lee whatsoever I grabbed the VHF mike. "Hey Phil, I don't like the look of this, how 'bout we tuck in behind that sand spit?"

And so the wait 'n see bird was singing yet again. The boats were fine. We were fine. It just didn't seem like the brightest idea to be out there if something untoward happened. So we tucked in again, roly but just inside the wind line from the point. As long as what was tending to be WSW didn't shift to ESE anyhow.



We took regular hikes out to see what Aeolis had in mind for the rest of the daylight. We consulted the Synthetic Norwegian now and then. Basically he said, "...if you liked today, you'll LOVE tonight and tomorrow..." If Jamie and I hadn't been just about out of Dinty Moore and kibbles we just might have left it at that. But it looked like a bit of a lull so, as the sun dropped like a stone off to the west, we bucked and rolled our way the last six to eight miles for home.



Funny thing, about that. NOBODY else out there.

Back on the Saltchuck

Part 1.1 Port and Starboard Dinghies

Phil was on a trip last fall to Lake Roosevelt when Jamie the Seadog and I rolled our veteran roto yak. We were both wearing our life jackets but that didn't stop the rollover. It happened when I was trying to get us back onboard and sat down after making one last trip ashore after dark. We were alongside basically a cliff instead of a beach. A real helpless feeling.

For the ensuing year, Phil has been offering to bring out a little rotomolded kayak of his own that he insists "is way more stable." We're gonna give'r a try on our upcoming Big Deal Voyage. Phil figured we could just stick little *Walden* in the back of *Big Red* and get on with it. I pretty much thought that, too.



But I started fussing with ways to haul *Walden* on *Mr Brogans* right up under *Walkabout's* chin. Almost before I knew it I had the expanded metal walkway section from up on the tongue lying in the driveway, surrounded by 1/2" galvanized carriage bolts. I was also mulling something about a carrier rack up on top of *Wab's* cabin top. I really got intense when I started trying to "improve" the standing up and the sitting down in our newly borrowed green shoreboat.

I've been wondering how we might be able to carry a towing bitt forward of the motor and not get the tow line fouled up under Miss Suzi's ear. What I ended up with about the time Kate came by doing her nightshift inspection tour caused her to ask me if I "built that thing out of parts from my wheelchair?" Well nope, but gee, not such a bad idea.

The Big Idea is to be able to reach up from the yak, grab when climbing aboard from the tarmac or to have something to grab when boarding from a dock directly astern. Mostly this one came from leftover canvas top bows, a couple of chunks of dock edge vinyl extrusions and some concentric aluminum tubes of various denominations. Just might work.



Another thing that's been bugging me is my thrown together galley cabinet, do something about the stewburner's setup. So I went to The Big City's Land of the Big-box. I bought some tile and some grout. I was pretty sure that I still had a tile cutter when the nice lady in the Tile Department asked me if I needed one, so it was a surprise when I discovered that I couldn't manage to discover where it was if I still had it.

So I had to cut those little buggers by scoring with a glass cutter and breaking 'em off with a big set of channel lock pliers. It worked about as poorly as you might have imagined. But grout covers a multitude of sins, good thing I got the 1/2" kind. There's also an 8" deep bin where the sink was just yesterday morning. Small boat sinks just collect stuff anyhow. The sink is gonna get mounted like one in a Pullman car that folds down out in the cockpit. The sailboat swing stove is now set up to not swing. But hey, we're a stinkpot, we don't heel over.



Back on the Saltchuck

Part 1.2: To Dos, Too Done and Too Late

There's a Gathering of the Clans in the making. Marty Loken put it together. He's convinced several dozen skippers and crews to assemble at the bottom of this picture and follow him in a winding path up to the upper right corner and then through several more of these pictures, more or less to the top of what I used to call "Puget Sound." In fairness to the original locals, they call it the "Salish Sea" nowadays.



It's a trip that I've been wanting to make again for a long time. I've made it several times in the past but they were a long time ago. Some things have changed since. While a huge bolus of population has decided to call this part of the world home, the distances from one end to the other seem to have grown.

You know the drill. Once upon a time, you likely, too, would just hop in the ol' ragboat and head out "for the day." Me too. Winter, summer. Rain (mostly) or shine. I guess, you might say I "came of age" in many ways as a ragboater sloshing up and down and mostly across these chunks of Saltchuck. No stranger to that constant drip, drip, drippppp of the backstay down my shirt collar.

I can still remember, wistfully, watching The Cool Kids motor on by. Diesel auxiliaries, glowing cabin heaters, cockpit dodgers, full canvas covers even. Motor on by.

I signed Jamie the Seadog and me up when Marty was first floating this idea. We hadn't even begun building the boat for the trip. But I had some pretty well entrenched ideas of what she should be. I've been the custodian of one or another stick 'n string craft for my whole life. It's the only way a self respecting sailor ought to have it but if I actually want to get someplace there are more genteel methods. Those more genteel methods of getting someplace on the Sal-ish Saltchuck imply a roof over my head, a swivel chair under my posterior and a window between my face and the raindrops.



Back on the Saltchuck

Part 1.3 Rained All Day, Today

Then it poured for a while before it went back to raining. I was out in the driveway trying to remember all the stuff I still needed to get done so we can leave for Olympia in a week and two days so I can write it down so I won't forget.

Walkabout is basically a narrow 16' boat with a 2' motor well and an additional 2' rump extension. The interior that I built by eye is pretty much a doll house with everything in place. But when it comes time to put stuff away and find it again, well, there goes that memory thing again. I've also got that old trim angle bugaboo to keep front row center. Ahhhhhh, that's what I was trying to remember to not forget.



Back on the Saltchuck

Part 1.5 How Deep Is It?

With that four blade salad chopper down on Miss Suzi's business end, a depth sounder is a real nice appliance. With my sailboats I always figured that the biggest problem with running into the bottom would be clobbering the keel and, at a minimum, getting stuck. So I've always tried to put the transducer up as far forward and as low in the hull as possible.



The least expensive and least complicated depth sounders are made to hang on the butt of a stinkpot. The instructions tell how to drill holes in the transom of your boat. Or, they infer, you can put it up forward if you really want to. It might work.

I've put scads of these into scads of boats. Most of 'em worked pretty well. *Miss Kathleen* has one, its transducer is up in the forefoot. But *MK* has a keel and fixed rudder both lower than the prop. My philosophy with that setup was to want to know what the bow was gonna hit first. I had to replace *MK*'s unit once but it stopped being all that consistent later with the "new" one, too. I even tried a couple of cheap ones. Same basic behavior after a while.

WaB's unit worked like champ at first. It was all the electrical stuff I stuffed into *WaB*'s ittybitty helm station that got the vapors. I hadn't gotten beyond the prototype mount setup, even. It WAS supposed to be different this time. I even ordered and received what was supposed to be a combo unit that told depth, numbers of fish, bottom condition, water temp, position in the cosmos. It was gonna be GREAT.

The sticking point turned out to be the fact these units are only intended for full use in coastal salt water. We spend most of our time trailering to different bodies of fresh water. After that disappointment finally sunk in and yet another whizbang device was returned "for a minimum restocking fee," I went back to the good ol' simple digital dash mount. That empty hole used to be occupied by an "official Suzuki" hour meter that jammed when it tried to go from 9.9 to 10.



WaB's itty bitty electrical J-box and panel is getting pretty crowded and I'm getting tired of fooling with it. We're really overrun by 'skeeters this year. I even use my 'skeeter jacket and hood but trying to crawl upside down under a helm station and see what I am doing with a 'skeeter net over my face doesn't cut it. I took a short cut. I wired the little Nano and speaker unit into the electric circuit. They would all come on at the same time. Less for me to remember. More on that in a minute.



The very first time I dropped *WaB*'s forward anchor and backed into the beach was quite a revelation. I sat in the helm seat and watched the little digital unit. When it said "2.0" I shut Miss Suzi down and tilted her outa' the water. We snuggled into the sand and once the stern hook was set and the forward one cinched up, we wuz beached. We could simply step off and go ashore.

This all worked so well because the transducer was back by the prop. Hmnnn. So far, so good. Then the transducer started taking time off from work, usually when we got close to hard stuff on the bottom.

All the electrical stuff is on a single breaker. It's all stuffed into the same little spot. *WaB* sits on *Mr Brogans*, her trailer, a lot of the time. We go places that way. Now and then I'll turn on that little Nano and listen to George Strait, even the Carpenters when we're on the trailer when the little sending unit ain't wet. No, the instructions don't talk about this. To turn on the Nano, the whole dash lights up and everything comes on. I didn't think it was a big deal. It's all "Solid State" stuff with transistors.

But it seems that when I energize this little unit it needs to be in the water or else it gets sort of schizophrenic, even catatonic. When the replacement came in the mail and I got out the electrical kit and ran another wire through yet another series of holes I made a promise. This time it and Nano won't drink from the same trough. I guess we'll see how that works out. Coming to a beach near y'all.

Back on the Saltchuck

Part 1.5 Life in the Sloooooowwww Lane

Back when Kate and I first moved here onto the hard from a ten year stint as live-aboards in San Diego, nobody went this way. Now there's a young family (got married, and had two kids since we got here) and another amorphous aggregation who live in a decrepit Class C motor home with a ginormous stove pipe extending out one of the windows. Still not quite gridlock. Our town is actually incorporated, there's a mayor and city council, a town manager, a small poh-leese department even.

It's hard to be anonymous, especially towing Frankenboats around from ice out to

ice in. The question from the manager over at our Safeway is often, "I see you have your boat out in the parking lot. Where are you and Jamie the Seadog headed this time?" Our Safeway is one of the highest volume grocery stores in this part of the country, thousands of folks shop there, lots of 'em while "on their way up to the lake." Still, it would be a tough place to run a witness protection program.

I pulled *Big Red* and *Walkabout* through the gas pumps at that same Safeway the other day. The lady who works the day shift there asked me where we "were headed out to THIS time." I told her we were hoping to join up with a flock of like minded fools in Olympia, then we expect to head north to Port Townsend.

"About how far is that?"

"Well, it's a lot farther the way I expect most of us will have to do it. Mostly small sailboats but about a hundred miles at about the speed you can pedal a bicycle." While she was integrating that little piece of nautical trivia, I threw in the ringer. "I expect Jamie and I will be doing it TWICE."

I've been hatching a scheme I call the "Moitessier Syndrome." Maybe you remember. In 1968 Bernard Moitessier was leading the fleet slugging their way around the world in a single handed race sponsored by the *London Sunday Times*. All he hadda do was hang a left past Cape Horn and slog on up to Jolly Ol' England. Instead he kept going around the world again. There was lots of speculation and some actual testimony but it seems he thought his prospects would be better in Tahiti. I think it has more to do with the voyage than the stated destination

A week 'n more before this shenanigan is supposed to kick off, I've already taken steps to make Jamie's and my trip twice as long as it might otherwise need to be. When I get that one figured out, I'll let you know. I just wonder what, and when, that will be?

Back on the Saltchuck Part 2.0 Almost, Not Quite

Even with the best of goal setting and prioritization, most of us just have to call a halt to "preparations" at some point. I think we have, more or less, reached that point. Enough drilling of holes. Enough rewiring. Enough! It's getting on time to think about packing seabags, "planning" menus even.

From its inception there have been many assumptions attached to this *Walkabout* project. I should be able to get ashore from anchor with a minimum of risk. I should be able to maneuver in close even with contrary wind and not embarrass anybody. I should be able to render assistance, as the case may require, without hazarding my vessel or crew or the distressed vessel, any further. I should be able to live aboard, both on the road and at sea comfortably and independently. Only a few of these assumptions have yet to be tested. Well, before we got to stocking up on kibbles and Dinty Moore cans, we decided to test a couple of those assumptions.

Lady Bug needs to be brought home while we are off adventuring. Not a good idea to leave her unattended in the water, so what a grand opportunity to see how well we tow a boat of nearly equal displacement.

Looming even bigger on the parade of potential gotchas is how we will do getting into/out of the borrowed kayak we are counting on to serve us for multiple trips ashore and back for a couple of weeks. I've thought

that one through about as far as it can be thought through. Time to giv'r a try.

The towing exercise went off without a hitch. Badda bing and ready to unrig and get her back on the trailer.



The kayak exercise didn't go quite so well. Two stiff bionic knees and two badly mauled wrists did not provide a good starting point. Even in bright sunlight and flat water things didn't go all that swimmingly. We came closer to swimming than I care to repeat on a regular basis. A challenge yet to solve but still a couple days left to fix it. I suppose enough is never quite enough.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 2.1 Pondering Other Options

The less than encouraging result of my attempting to board from a kayak led to the decision that I gotta get a new floor into *PB*, the *Zodiac*, and so a half day makeover began. The high dollar blow up floor and keel for this inflatable stopped holding air a couple/three years back. I tried new valves. I even tried filling them with spray foam. The valves were a big disappointment. The foam, while pretty close to a good idea, didn't pan out for very long either.



Then, in a fit of desperation, I got a sheet of foil backed 2" urethane foam and cut a replacement floor. That worked for a while, then failed spectacularly. I filled a good part of several trashcans at a launch ramp with the detritus. We gotta stiffen and flare the bottom sections into a "boat shape."

With that more or less figured out, the whole shebang should not only keep together in less than optimal conditions, it should come apart for transport and then reassemble with minimal screwing around. This will likely take place with Jim Bob and the metal-flake crowd waiting less than patiently in the line at the ramp.

So, first on the list was a keel to replace the factory job that failed. Then we needed floor sections that would hold the keel in place and not sag a lot with people and dogs on it and not pop out when the tubes lose air and not get all akimbo when the hull flexes. Whatever they are gonna look like has got to appear before the evening meal. So, I started cutting and fitting and gluing and nailing and cussing.



I even pondered “other options” for just a few minutes. Then I remembered just how resistant to speeds above those determined by the square root of the waterline, my then dinghy *Limerick* was on all those trips now 30 and more years back following along on the very Saltchuck Jamie and I are getting ready to transit now. And I also remembered just how heavy little *Limerick* really is. So it’s the Zodiac that got the nod for and I had work to do.

Much of the stuff and fitted pieces that took so long to make are hidden. The keel had to be held upright. The panels had to slip in and then be held by the inflation process.



The Oldtown, Idaho, Ace Hardware Store has never been the hotbed of chandlerydom but they did have a set of those oarlocks that nobody likes, those with a pin through the oar that makes ‘em pretty intransigent when lapsing back into that old “catch/pull/feather/recover” mode because they don’t feather. About all they do is keep the oarlocks with the oars. But that’s about all we can hope for at the moment. Now that a heavy, cumbersome boat has gotten even heavier wheels will also likely be a big help.



I think we still have time for an in water trial if nothing else goes wrong. The girls that got turned down for this job might be bending *PB*’s out there tonight but just maybe they understand our predicament.



Back on the Saltchuck

Part 2.2 It’s Just That Pre Voyage Thing

My Coots calendar says “Underway for Olympia” in the box reserved for June 18. I guess that makes us “two days and a wakeup.” We’ve tried a few last minute Brilliant Schemes to attempt to solve the pretty darn essential shoreboat dilemma.

There was that swiveling outrigger scheme for *Blarney*, the purple kayak, for instance. That one started out with a great deal of enthusiasm. It now lies “awaiting a new set of orders” on the shop floor. Ain’t gonna work.



Then there was the hopeful moment for *Limerick*, the 45-year-old rigid sailing dink. *Limerick* is one of our favorites. She is one seaworthy little packet but heavy, kinda tippy and sorta fragile for a rocky beach. And, of course, she’s a displacement hull so at anything over about 4 knots she tends to rear back on her haunches and generate a rather tall wake.



We gave ‘er an audition nonetheless. But stuff like not having the right oars, not having a ready made solution to the “goes thump in the night” problem with one solid hull meeting up with another while anchored or even maneuvering alongside a pier, sent *Limerick* back to the shop floor as well.

I think she’ll get another gig (pardon the pun) later this season. I’m thinking that the Howl at the Moon cruise on Priest Lake the end of July will be a good time to have a sailing dink along.

But we’re getting shorter by the minute and I think the paint is about dry on those made by eye floorboards. All five disparate pieces are expected to “fall out and carry out the plan of the day,” once we get to Olympia. Plan B will go rolled up in the back of *Big Red*. We’ll need to find a place to plug the compressor in and blow things up. Otherwise, time to get to getting.



Back on the Saltchuck

Part 2.3 Suspense Just About at a Crescendo

After working for about a half year to get a boat created for this trip and allowing for half of that laid up with recovery from a knee bionicification, the suspense is just about at crescendo. We intend to join up with a reputed ONE HUNDRED other fools with similar fantasies in an attempt to run the hundred mile (rhumb line) course from Olympia to Port Townsend. And Jamie and I intend to return to Olympia by water as well.

We are quite excited at the prospect. Today was an opportunity to share some of that enthusiasm. We needed to get our tires checked and top off the boat’s fuel tanks with non-E gas. To do that we had to run east into Idaho and had to stop at the Invasive Species Checkstation. Telling the guys that we were “on our way west,” while headed demonstrably east, brought out grins.

Then it was off to the tire shop where I asked if one of their affiliates would be willing to inflate the Zodiac for me.

Then it was off to Len’s service station. I don’t think this place has changed since Dizzy Dean was still pitching. Service bays and gas pumps right at the confluence of two highways. Kinda hard to drag a trailer through there. Len came out and moved the huge pickup that was key to my (un)happiness. Yeah, I told him we were “headed west.”

Then I still hadda gas *Big Red*. We have “points” with Safeway. The Nice Lady came out her “employees only” side door to see where I was “off to this time.” Of course, I told her about it. Then I ran into Cary, one of the retired guys who do what we once called “box boy” as I went in to do my grocery shopping. Yeah, told him about it. And the checkout cashier.

Then I needed to stop at the gravel pit and get “the bad news” on *Walkabout*’s and *Mr. Brogans*’ obvious recent weight gains. Holy Cow!! All that extra gas and water and canned goods and parts and tools. There ain’t any left-over rated capacity in that brand spanking new axle. Yeah, I told her about the trip.

And Kraig over at the auto parts house. He’s been trying to help me get the tach figured out on Miss Suzi.

And, of course, there’s Jess over at the hardware store. We’ve been acquaintances for a long time now. Yeah, of course, I told her about the trip.

There were others but I’ve got to get packed.



Arch Davis Designs

Wooden Boat Plans and Designs



This is the *Grace Eileen* in the dead of winter (eat your hearts out, those who live in warmer climes!) The cover is supported on a wooden framework high enough off the deck so that I can work under it. It only takes about an hour and a half for three people to set up. Anyway, we took it off early in May and, despite a cool and rainy month, I have finished the varnishing and the boat was almost ready for launching on June 12.



I am starting to think that I will do away with the varnish on the cabin sides next season. I am sure that white paint will look just fine. I will keep the varnish on the rail caps. These came from a beautiful piece of mahogany, a delight to work, left over from a Penobscot 14. It's not too much work to keep up and it would be a shame to paint it.

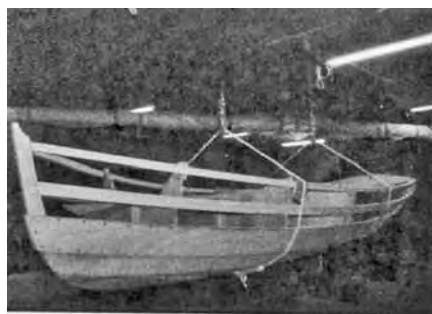
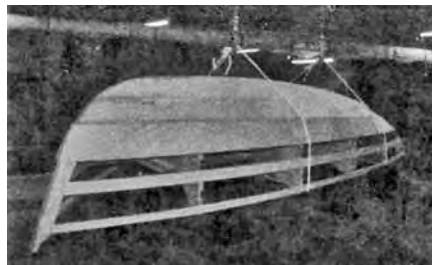
I have two Penobscot 13s in my shop, both almost ready for their owners to pick up. One will go to New Hampshire, the other to Virginia. Both of these Penobscot 13s will have lugsail rigs. I make the masts and spars from eastern spruce from the local lumberyard. It's just kiln dried construction lumber and most of it is full of knots. Every time I go to the yard I take a few minutes to look for clear pieces. Usually I come away empty handed but sometimes I get lucky and find something I can use.

Masts are laminated from two pieces, ripped from the same plank and glued together. The pieces never come off the saw quite straight but gluing them together allows me to straighten them. I enjoy making these spars, the unprepossessing stock takes on a creamy lustre when I plane it and the finished spars look very nice under a clear finish.

Just about my least favorite job on a glued lapstrake boat is to clean off the excess glue that squeezes out when I drive the screws into the planking, especially if I am going to varnish the interior, I need to make a good job of this, otherwise I will see whitish smears under the varnish. I use a stick sharpened like a chisel to remove most of the excess, then paper towels and solvent, acetone or denatured alcohol, to finish up.

As I don't like to lie on my back under the boat, I have rigged up a block and tackle system so that I can turn the hull over. If I had a helper the Penobscot 13 is light enough to just pick up and turn over. I can do this by myself with a 12' Peapod but the P13 is a bit too big and heavy for me.

Now here's a challenge: You might think that the hull would be stable in the slings, at least upright (I did before I tried it.) However, it's not, whether upright or upside down the hull wants to flop over on its side where it is stable in the slings. If you're an engineer I am sure that the reason for this is obvious but it was not so obvious to me. If you think you have a clear explanation, send it to me and I will include it in my next newsletter.



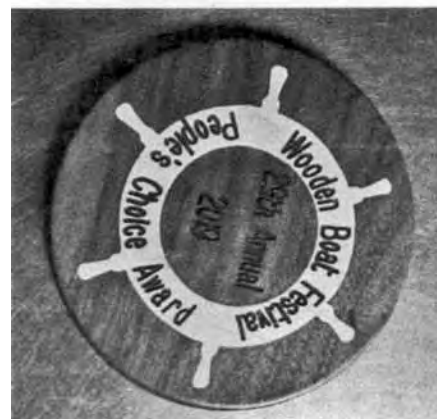
12' Peapod



Penobscot 13



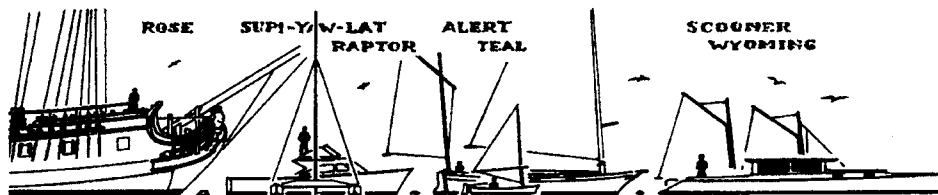
Brenda Hemsing launched her Peapod at the beginning of June, the photo shows her under sail on Gloriette Bay, San Diego. Brenda reports that, "*Mishka* is nimble and responsive and really flies on a beam reach." She adds, "For my part, sailing a boat that I built is such an amazing feeling." She took *Mishka* to the San Diego Woodenboat Festival where she won the People's Choice award for Sailboat out of the Water. Brenda reports that, "She got a lot of compliments and, so I was told, was the boat to see at the festival."



The *Grace Eileen* went back into the water on June 12, exactly seven years after her first launch, as scheduled. I am finishing up this newsletter on Sunday, June 23, it's a beautiful sunny day with a nice NW breeze. This afternoon I will sail across Penobscot Bay to the anchorage inside Holbrook Island and spend the night there.

I love this anchorage. It's only a few miles from Belfast and offers good shelter in just about any weather. I can see the town of Castine through a narrow gap on the northern side. Castine is home to the Maine Maritime Academy which runs a ship, the *State of Maine*, the schooner *Bowdoin*, the tugboat *Pentagoet* and numerous other vessels for teaching deck officers and engineers. The anchorage is surrounded mostly by reserves. It always reminds me of Islington Bay just outside Auckland Harbor in New Zealand. Good shelter and close to home. The big difference is that it's not close to a big city and it's never crowded.

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Discussed across recent issues, Design #422 MICRO and its derivative MICRO V-18 would by many measures be considered plenty small enough, hence that name! However, with up to four berths it does appear positively palatial in comparison to this more modest keelboat Phil designed in 1976. Storm Petrel has been built in a number of copies and the combination of inherent simplicity with ability keeps attracting the eyes of folks interested in indeed a minimalist boat for one or a few day sailing, perhaps even cruising, but only likely for one.

I never much warmed up to her, primarily because of her limited sail area and the ultra spartan accommodations below. Despite her high degree of simplicity, she still seemed a fair amount of work and resources for what we seem to get once we launched her. Nevertheless, periodically a few folks from whatever continent would inquire about the plans for this modest boat, drawn and even, in some cases, almost fixated on her by an appeal I clearly missed. Several folks eventually reported back with pictures of their completed boats.

And since the plans do indeed remain available, another inquiry by a Bolgerphile working in Africa brought her to our attention once again. The point (again) was a simple, easy to build but able sailing craft that could deal with the occasional cold front altering the day's sailing without the situation quickly deteriorating into a serious calamity.

So, by 2019, some 43 years into her existence, it seems a good reason to reread Phil's thoughts, to reflect on these and to perhaps adjust my almost reflexive attitude looking at this decked over home buildable sailing craft. I may have been too conventionally minded reacting to her the first time around. So let's study a few excerpts of her plans, a photo or two and, most importantly, what Phil wrote in Chapter 10 of his 1980 book *Different Boats*, here reproduced without any alterations:

"I define seaworthiness as the ability to keep the sea in all weather in reasonable safety. Design and construction are only part of it. Quality of handling and gear are, if anything, more important. I admit to being skeptical about the possibility of designing a fool-proof boat. If politicians and bureaucrats set

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #538 in *MAIB*
 Revisiting Design #337
 Storm Petrel of 1976

16'4"x5'2"x1'8" Shallow Long Keel
 Lateen Rig Day Sailer/One Person Overnighter



out to produce one, the first thing that would happen is that boats would become more expensive without being much safer. When making boats expensive didn't get results, their use would be restricted and we'd all end up locked in padded cells where we'd be quite safe.

However that may be, what the designer can do about seaworthiness is to layout the boat in such a way that it can roll over and over, be totally submerged, and end up right side up without a disastrous amount of water inside. He can also do a good deal to help the builder make it strong enough to withstand these things.

Storm Petrel is supposed to be the absolute minimum seaworthy boat. The overall dimensions are somewhat misleading, because more than 4' of the bow is just shrouding to protect the flat bow transom of a 12' scow. The real boat, the watertight part, is a 6 1/2' decked in refuge chamber with a 5 1/2' cockpit running aft to sit on. Inside there's just enough height to roll over if you're not too wide in the shoulders or hips (18"), with 3' under the hatch to allow upright seating on the bottom of the hull.

There's no room for any amount of supplies, she wasn't meant for long passages. The idea is that if she got caught by bad weather offshore, she could do the corked-bottle act, protecting one or two people from the storm for a few hours or even a few days. I don't think there are many designs with that capability that can be built complete from eight 4'x8' sheets of 3/8" plywood and little else.

The keel is just a 3/8" steel plate cut out to profile. It doesn't have a full flange because the rocker of the bottom offsets the bolts enough to brace it against side thrust. It weighs about 170lbs, enough to make sure she'd always end up with it under her in the long run. It's also about as cheap a lateral plane area as any, it strengthens rather than weakens the hull and it's shallow enough (she draws 1'8" of water in normal trim) that it's not much of an obstacle to getting ashore. If she were driven against a lee shore it'd be hard luck if she couldn't be aimed into some spot from which the crew could jump and run inland.

The anchors would be kept in the free-flooding bow. I haven't tried it under appropriate circumstances, but it seems to me that letting go one or more anchors with all the warp available, in no bottom water, ought to be at least as effective as most sea anchors. I don't understand why sea anchors are designed to float since the deeper they go, the less they'll be in the surface drift and the nearer to vertical the warp trends, the more resistance it will have and the more effective it will be in steadying the bow of the boat.

The rig is relatively cheap for its effectiveness and allows the mast to be so short that it can be inordinately strong without being too heavy for the boat or beyond a woman's strength to lift out and lay flat. This rig is that of a Payson Zephyr (plans and description in *Instant Boats* by Harold H. Payson, published in 1979 by International Marine Publishing Company), the design having been drawn up for Harold Payson, who already had one of the rigs on hand. It's most certainly too small for this boat which would be a dull sailer with it in light (and probably even in moderate) weather. The boat was meant for peace of mind, not for high performance.

She was to have a motor, in any case, and the historical record shows that when a motor comes on the scene, light weather



canvas tends to disappear. As shown, Storm Petrel has to be regarded as a motorsailer, though she'll sail respectably enough when there's weight in the wind. Contrarily, she could be thought of as a low powered out-board skiff with an auxiliary rig to stretch her range and get her home when she has engine trouble. The hull shape and keel type are not the kind that would reward a very powerful sail plan.

In spite of its modest performance, maybe partly because of it, I think one could become very fond of a boat like this. For the materials and labor involved, she's remarkably able and roomy, both for family outings and for children to practice solo cruising. Incidentally, she's a very good looking boat, to my eye."

Looking in 2019 at the few photos of her in the Archive, apart from ages ago photocopies of poor quality prints sent to us, several points of interest arise, such as with this one owned by Marc Lander and built by Patrick Satterlee in Berkley, California. She was built as designed, apart from the addition of a nicer looking version of that boxy hatch cover and added lifting eyes.

She is indeed that small, as compared to one of the gents standing in front of her. We're told that she had been used even for commercial fishing for a while on San Francisco Bay, meaning with the rig installed but with boom and sail rolled up out of the way against the mast, sort of as Phil implicitly envisaged her several functions.

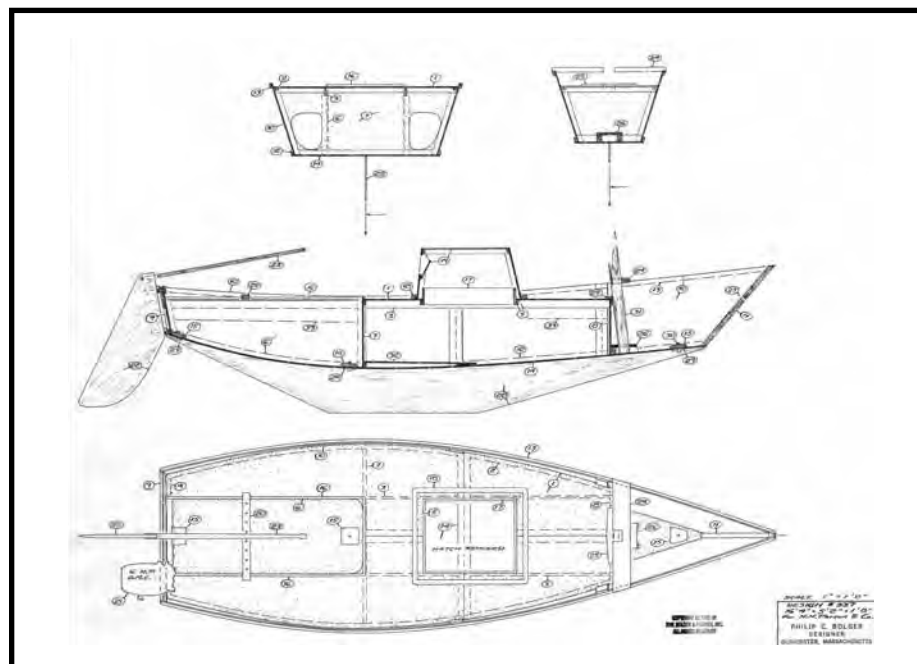
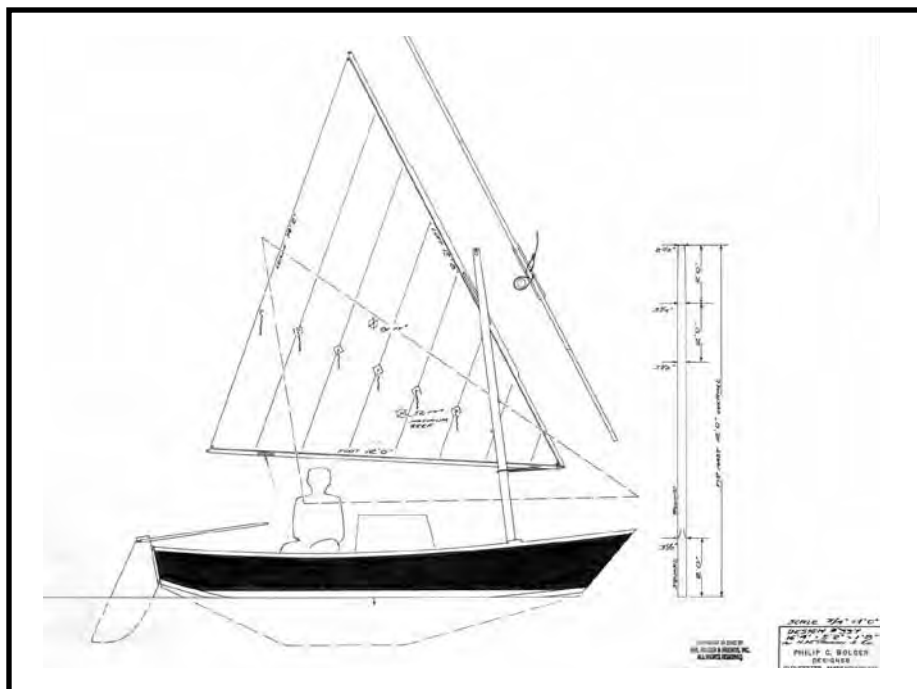
But we have no photos of her under sail despite rig, stout keel and large rudder. This may just be the circumstances of decades ago of not having a camera position handy run by a second person just when she looked her best. Or, short of a stiff breeze, she was not that much fun sailing, as Phil had pointed out initially.

Well, to me she still seems an odd type. While an expression of Phil's periodic near hardcore pursuit of conceptual minimalism, she seemed actually incomplete in a number of ways. In fact, once he had succeeded in pulling me into his design universe, as indeed a second set of eyes, we had that conversation on a number of other designs as well, where my perspective often amounted to the proposal that, with usually decades worth of hindsight, a few alterations here and some upgrades there should make her more useful yet, and thus more popular, all without ruining the basics of the original geometries. He did remark on a few occasions that we might be doing that for quite a while.

Good thing, then, that I looked further into the file on her and beyond photos did find a scale sketch Phil drew much later in the early 2000s for a larger sail plan. With that encouragement, I proceeded to plant that sail geometry on her hull for a scale correct sail plan to reflect further upon.

The other big itch I felt was the interest of expanding her sailing utility overall towards lean cruising by adding a bigger more comfortable cabin. On her modest footprint the latter would most likely be just a one person approach or a 1+1 cruiser for two leaner folks.


She'd really allow getting lost in local waters "away from it all," at least for a weekend of good enough accommodations afloat (just don't forget to turn off the cellphone), then going further on a cruise well beyond familiar day trip distances, eventually perhaps road hauling her to distant waters for an



even more ambitious cruising adventure. Still sober minimalism indeed, here even below the MICRO level with this 1+1 cruiser format.

Next issue, therefore, we'll look at that bigger sail plan and that option towards a reasonably comfortable cabin geometry. She remains one of the smallest cruisers in our Archives and, to my subjective eyes, upgraded she would still look good.





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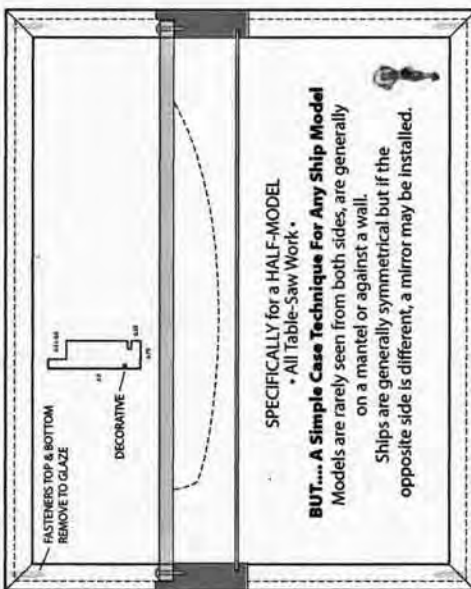


I, your faithful Sec/Ed presented the ongoing *Vesper-Argonaut* half-model, saying, "I am approaching this model hind end foremost it seems, with the encasement finished before the model. I believe I have refined the shadow box to the ultimate, using a single 1 x 3 cedar plank from Home Depot. All work was done on the table saw, as detailed in the drawing. In this case (note the pun), I turned the rustic cedar to the inside for woody effect and painted with Home Depot, \$3.27 Behr, 8 oz. matched sample interior paint, achieving what I wanted in only two tries. Glazing By Ace Hdw. for \$8.99.

I could make the case (again) for this construction for almost any model, even full hulls, as ships are pretty symmetrical, and if desired, a mirror could be installed as the background, providing a view of the opposite side and lighting by reflection, to boot.

Half spars were accomplished, not by rounding a laminated, 2-piece square and separating the halves. These are too small for that. These were made by shaping a flat panel, half-rounding with the sandpaper-shoe-shine technique, and sawing off with my PREAC. Pennant is soda can (Sam Adams) aluminum stock.

My thanks to **Curtis Miller** for thick-ness planing or sanding 1/8 x 3 x 24 cherry, down to 3/32" for hull lifts. I plan to cut hull deck profiles and bend them to the sheer line, saw out the cockpit, laminate the stack and shape in the usual way. There will be a centerplate simulating stems and keel. I will probably use silvered paper for most of the rig hardware. Rushton hardware was all copper or brass, nickel-plated. LOA is 9", scale 1/21.33!"



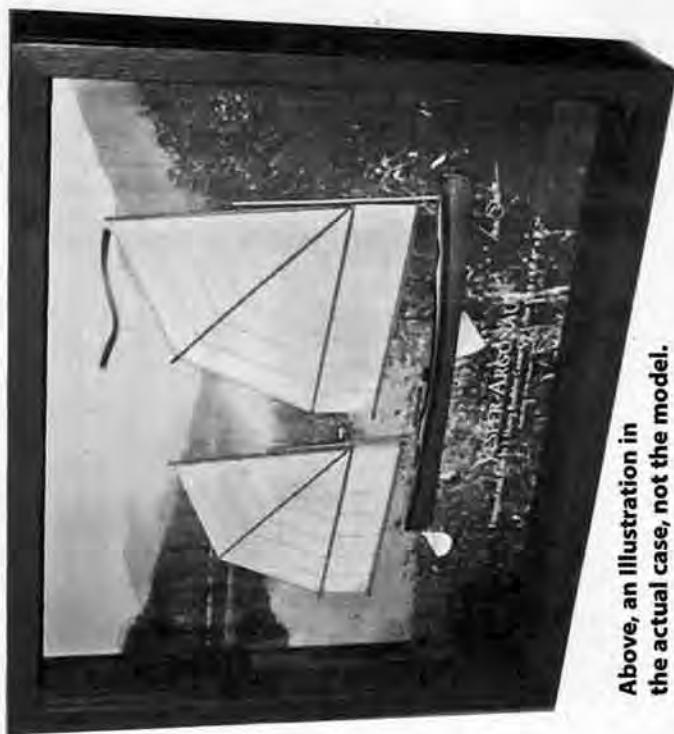
SPECIFICALLY for a HALF-MODEL
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BUT.... A Simple Case Technique For Any Ship Model

Models are rarely seen from both sides, are generally on a mantel or against a wall. Ships are generally symmetrical but if the opposite side is different, a mirror may be installed.



Above, the field to which hull, spars, hardware and rigging will be added.



Above, an illustration in the actual case, not the model.



HALF-ROUND SPARS in small scales

1. Taper Plank
2. Round Edge
3. Saw/Silt Off Spar



An idea for the coming fall/winter is a fan for the stove in your boat. The "Eco Fan" does not require exterior electricity or batteries to work and is reported to be quite good at warming a room or two. The fan is designed for placement on a wood burning stove, but the information on its use seems to indicate other types of stoves are usable.

Many years ago our Ranger 26 was hit by lightning and sank because the exit point was on the bottom of the hull where the paddle wheel for the knot meter was located. After raising the boat that evening, I called the boat insurance company the next morning. Dealing with an insurance company specializing in boats was a benefit. The person on the phone knew what was the result of a lighting strike and, while asking for an approved adjustor to take a look at the damage, agreed to cover the cost of rewiring and rerigging the boat and outboard motor repair. No requirement for three estimates or any of that stuff. We would send the invoices and they would cover the cost. Very nice all around.

I was reminded of the above when our home was damaged by a falling tree when Hurricane Michael passed through. The storm was almost past Tallahassee when an outer band of wind and rain came through. That one part of the storm caused extensive



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

damage to our neighborhood (took a day just to cut the road open for one lane passage). I called the insurance company, they contacted a mitigation firm who came and cleaned up the mess, got the tree removed and the holes covered as part of my standard coverage. A couple of days later the adjustor appeared and, when his estimate was received, the insurance company sent us a check for the estimated cost to rebuild the structure (truss, rafters, roof, etc). No muss, no fuss. In both cases, cheaper insurance is not worth it when the time comes to collect.

Have you sold a boat or motor vehicle lately? Can you prove that you no longer own that object? Many years ago we sold a sailboat only to have a lawyer for a marina contact us about the maintenance and storage bill. It seems that the new owner had not registered the boat (thus not paying sales tax) and it was still in our name. I supplied the lawyer with bank copies of the payment checks. The second one noted balance due in the memo field and I also sent a copy of the bill of sale. No idea if the marina ever collected.

Later, I sold a Kaiser Jeep Wagoneer and had the same problem when the sheriff's office called about the vehicle abandoned on the side of the road. Once again, a bill of sale and the cancelled check removed me from any further legal proceedings. While I was dealing with the sheriff's office, it was sug-

gested that in the future I file a form with motor vehicles that I had sold the boat, car, trailer (whatever had a license plate or decal number) to avoid future problems. You might want to see if your state has a similar form.

Florida has an antique tag for vehicles that meet the requirements. Our 1970 Cadillac hearse and the 1973 Ford Mustang meet the criteria. For a while there were restrictions on use of a vehicle with an antique tag. Most are gone now and the vehicle can be driven day or night. Likewise, Florida has an antique boat registration option, if it has the original engine. I have yet to find a definition that requires the original sails and, since most people upgrade their boat's engine over time, few boats sport the antique decal.

If you go boating in a commercial harbor you are probably aware of the local traffic separation scheme (TSS) that is marked on the charts. The idea of a TSS is to allow commercial and naval vessels safe transit to or from their wharf or pier. The TSS is also a warning to recreational vessels of where the larger vessels might be located. Since these large vessels maneuver very slowly and are supposed to stay in their designated channel, recreational vessels are advised not to get in the way.

If a harbor area has TSS it also has a vessel traffic service (VTS). You need to note the VHF frequency for that VTS in case you need to contact them. I remember a legal case where a sailboat did not get out of the way of a commercial vessel. The pilot of the vessel had to move out of the channel to avoid the sailboat and the ship went aground. The operator of the sailboat was hit with the cost of refloating the ship, damage survey and fines for his actions. I doubt if the owner's insurance company provided much financial assistance. Check your harbor's charts for any TSS areas and be careful when you cross (or use) such designated zones.

Your radar is working as is your AIS. But is anyone keeping watch for that which does not show up on radar or is not broadcasting on the AIS? For instance, our Sisu 26 was not visible on radar. We found this out when we had starter problems (with the sun going down and visibility decreasing due to fog coming in). Another vessel came out to get us and the people on the boat saw us before our boat registered on the radar (I purchased a foldable radar reflector.) The nice bit about the rescue was we were in a known position and the skipper of the vessel coming out for us simply ran a compass course for the race mark we had been using as the start/finish line for sailboat race.

Another consideration is whether your AIS receiver getting an accurate signal from those vessels broadcasting their position, course and speed? Keeping a proper lookout is still in the rulebook and if your vessel has a collision or allision, your reliance on the electronics will probably be of little use. The autopilot is a wonderful device (as is any self steering arrangement) but you still need to look around to make sure all is well.

This action is not just for obvious "bad" visibility as we had a two sailboats collide on a clear, sunny day. One boat was hidden by the jib of the other boat and the crew and helmsperson on the other boat were not keeping watch. Both boats were damaged and sailing was not an option until they were repaired. Oh yes, the Marine Patrol cited the skipper of the port tack boat for failing to stay clear of the starboard tack boat.

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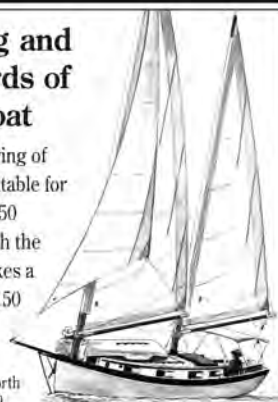
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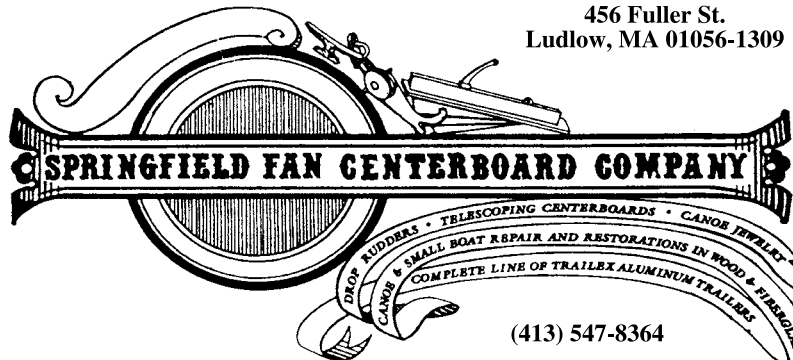
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8' Nutshell Pram, freshly painted, Dabbler sails, oars, all equipped & ready for rowing & sailing. Trade for a 15'-16' wood canvas canoe in usable cond. Hampton Roads, VA location. MIKE MOORE, Deltaville, VA, (410) 916-3092. (9)

12' Royalex Old Town Pack Canoe, garage kept, exc cond, asking \$450 obo. CHARLES MENDEZ, Wantage, NJ (973-) 714-9573. (9)

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FREE Tanzer Sailboat, 22', '79, on stands in Barnstable, MA. FREE!!! You haul. Full gear, title. Yours for the taking. First come, first serve. ANDY VOIKOS, (508) 362-8776 Barnstable, MA, swimman1234@yahoo.com (9)

Old Town Sailing Canoe, Wahoo, ready to go. \$550. **Sunfish Wooden Hull**, w/spars, nds work. \$125. BOB LAVERTUE, Ludlow, MA, (413) 547-8364. (9)

'90's Bolger Cartopper, fair cond, nds paint & some hrdwre. Incl c/b & rudder. \$300 obo. Spritsail w/spars & running rigging for Car Topper, will fit other Bolger instant boats w/little or no modification. Exc cond, used once. \$400obo. BILL MUEFFELMAN, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-8007. (9)

17' Grady White Hatteras. '68 on '98 Trailmaster trlr. Boat basically sound. Stored indoors past 25 years. Hull is utile mahogany, machine screw fastened, painted white. Deck, windshield frame & interior finished bright. Incl V-4 50hp Evinrude o/b of uncertain vintage, not operating at present. Offered at \$300. Located in central IN. JIM REID, Columbus, IN, (309) 648-21698, 1v message. (9)



13' Peapod FG Sailing Model, 2 rowing stations, leathered oars, spritsail. Minkota aux in well. Boat like new. Tlr for local use. \$2,800. RICHARD JOHNSON, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-8414. (8)

Chesapeake Crab Skiff, classic sharpie design by Doug Hylan. 15' LOA, 5' beam. Ideal camp cruiser or day sailer for sail & oar. High quality build in '12 she remains in exc cond today. Simple sprit rig, c/b, oars, great road trailer, exc performer on all points & vy stable. Located Ottawa, ON. Asking \$3,800.

See pics of her at: http://workingsail.com/messabout/chesapeake_crab_skiff/index.html Burtonblais@gmail.com (8)



Fliptail 6 Folding Dinghy, finished last fall. Gray skin, bright finished wood. Chines & gunwales are ash laminate, most of the rest is western red cedar. Stainless hardware & hinges, except for nylon bow eye & oarlocks from Duckworks. Located north-central Indiana. Photos available by email. \$600, or trade? JOHN NYSTROM, (765) 689-9997, johnc111@hotmail.com (8)



Classic Sloop, Rigel, CYC 5, 23'9" x 7', mahogany-on-oak. Steel c/b, weight about 850lbs. Built '51 Holland. Raced for a decade, stored for 40 years, sailed luxuriously the past 14. Re-glued mast, new ss rigging, all cracked frames repaired, all original except new deck canvas, toerails & rubrails. Underwater seams treated w/slick-seam and a little cotton before launching, after a day or two she leaks maybe a couple of pailsful a week when on a mooring. I give her a dose of sodium borate twice a year. If I had a place for her I would keep her forever, the dear lovely thing. A-frame for mast raising makes it a one-person job. \$6,500. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, www.aidrondackgoodboat.com (8)



Penn Yan Kingfisher, '46/'47, 14', called a cross between canoe & cartopper. Traditional wood/canvas canoe construction, canvas has been replaced by fg. Original brass oarlocks & sweeps, 1 rowing station, bow & stern seats. Well used & well maintained. Rows & tracks well. Asking \$800. Boat is in Winthrop, ME. Contact for additional photos/information
JOHN GOTJEN, liesebarnes@gmail.com (8)

Asryda, a Swiftly 15, custom open model built by Fred Shell in '06, has been parked in driveway covered up for a couple of years. 2.5 Suzuki o/b is virtually new. Load Rite trlr w/tongue jack. Various equipment. Located near Trenton, NJ. Asking \$2,000.

JOHN SMITH, Hamilton, NJ, jdantonsmith@outlook.com, write "boat" in subject line. (8)

Lazer, not sure of year, gd cond, 2 rigs, sails so-so. \$700 obo. **12' FG Canoe**, painted for duck hunting years ago, gd shape, Great Canadian decal painted over. \$200. **19' Bigelow Catboat**, ca '37, mostly refastened, nds to be finished. Vy gd sail, mast nds repair. \$1,500obo. **18' Cape Cod Shipbuilding Launch**, '41, nds work, w/Atomic 4 engine. Asking \$1,200 obo.

JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716 cell, (781) 585-6962 house. If no answer lv message, thanks. (9)



Fannie Salter started her adventures in 2015 at Spruce Island, ME & on NH Lake Sunapee. She then migrated south w/her owner & now sails the rivers, sounds & outer banks of NC where she won Best of Sail 2018 and 2019 at the Wooden Boat Show in Beaufort, NC. **Fannie** is looking for a home that will be able to keep up w/her adventurous spirit. She is happy sailing or leave the rig at home for a day fishing. Here are the details: 2015 Cedar Keys Sharpie based on Reuel Parker design. Traditionally built cat ketch rig. LOA: 23', LWL: 20', Beam: 6', Draft min: 13" board up, Draft max: 3' board down, Hull: white pine on white oak. Total Sail area: 172sf. Cotton sprit boom sails, laminated spruce masts, Hempex running rigging, wooden blocks, 2 pair 10' oars, Sunbrella cockpit cover, Sunforger cockpit camping tent, Honda 5hp long shaft o/b, dual axle steel trailer w/highway radials & hinged tongue. Asking \$7,500 obo. Visit: Spar-Time Boat Works on YouTube for more images.

DON DILL, (603)-369-9877, spartimeboatworks@gmail.com (8)



Mad River Explorer, 16'3" x 3', Kevlar construction w/wood trim, cane seats, 2 paddles, ACA class open sailing canoe rig, aluminum spars, high aspect ratio pickup leeboard & rudder, long tiller linkage, steering from amidships. Custom bags for all the sailing hardware, nice condition, usual wear & tear. Simple to rig, simple to sail, stable canoe. \$2,000.

DOCK SHUTER, Hudson River 100mi. N. of NYC, (845) 247-0508, dshuter@earthlink.net (8)

12' Vermont Pack Boat & 15' Vermont Guide Boat, by Steve Kaulback. Rarely used & garage kept. Exc cond. Both incl original oars & are complete as sold. Both also incl custom boat & oar covers, about a \$500 value each boat. The guide boat also incl a 2-pc 84" Greenland style Nashwaak paddle & Redtail canoe paddle. Pictures at <https://photos.app.goo.gl/2amv3iZ711QhfkBQA>. Builder's website <https://Adirondack-guide-boat.com/> Pack Boat \$1,200. Guide Boat \$1,900. Buyer to arrange pickup.

RICH STEVENS, Howard County, MD, rstevens15@verizon.net. (8)

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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher



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RACE RESULTS

Long ago, when we were first considering shows on the west coast a customer said, "You really should take your boats to the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. And, if you go, there is a race you really should enter."

We applied to the show and were accepted. We loaded every boat we could on the truck and trailer (17 boats) and made the trip. The morning of the race a sail-designer came up to the car and said, "Are you going to race that boat?" pointing to our cedar guideboat. We said we had just driven across the country....in other words, no. "Could I race it?" Sure. Below are the results.



The start of the race was, as you can see, rather congested.

The end of the race.....not so much. Someone on the race committee called out with a bullhorn, "Hey, watch out, there's a race coming."

The rower, Sandy Goodall called back, "Yes, I know. I think I just won it."

